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THE LIFE OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD

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JOHN FITZGERALD

From a photograph by Gush and Ferguson, Regent Street, W.

PLATE XXXVIII.—*Frontispiece.*

THE LIFE OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD

BY

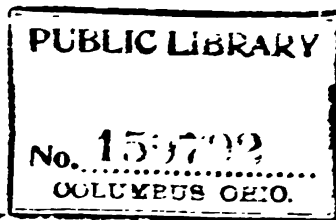
THOMAS WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, ETC.

WITH FIFTY-SIX PLATES

TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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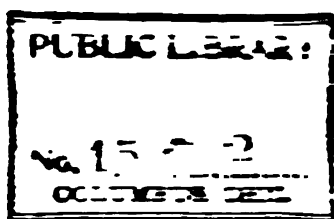
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THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD

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5. 'Harmonious Kichinori,' 22nd September 1860.
6. 'Bachmann's Mémoires Secrets,' 3rd December 1860.
7. 'East Anglian Woods,' 26th January 1861.
8. 'France: Past and Present,' 9th February 1861.
9. 'Dryden's Prefaces,' 16th February 1861.
10. 'Whittington and his Cat,' 11th May 1861.
11. 'Memoranda,' 11th May 1861.
12. 'Detrus' [Petrus], 25th May 1861.

FITZGERALD'S aim in translating the *Rubaiyat* was to present not the exact words, but the spirit of Omar, and he has not hesitated, as we have seen, to lay under contribution, though chiefly for the purpose of ornament,

Sadi, Hafiz, Jami, and Attar. 'What is genius,' Fitzgerald had asked in *Polonius*, 'but the faculty of seizing things from right and left—here a bit of 108. Compared with Omar's Poem. marble, there a bit of brass—and breathing life into them?' In short, to use Mr. Heron-Allen's expression, the poem is 'the expressed result of Fitzgerald's entire course of Persian studies,' though even that does not quite cover the ground, for Calderon, Carlyle,¹ and other writers are also put under contribution. Thus we cannot, in the strict sense, call the *Rubaiyat* a translation.² It is more correct to say of it, as Fitzgerald said of his *Ædipus*, 'It is not even a paraphrase, but an adaptation of the original,' and to speak of Fitzgerald as the adapter of Omar Khayyam.

Omar's attitude towards the Deity, his love of wine, his reasoning and his humour are all set plainly before us. But Fitzgerald picked and chose. He makes no use of the passages in praise of poverty, and omits the offensive utterances about drunkenness; and for sayings like the following he has no counterpart: 'Make but few friends; distant intercourse with one's fellowmen is good.' 'Woe to that heart in which there is no passion, which is not spellbound by the love of a dear companion; the day that thou spendest without love, there is no day more useless to thee than that day.' On the other hand, here and there appear stanzas that are practically original.

Of the sparkle, majesty, and depth of thought in Fitzgerald's verse, words are wanting to speak adequately. Delightful picture follows delightful picture,

¹ Especially *Hero-Worship*, Lecture II.

² All our references, unless otherwise stated, are to Fitzgerald's fourth edition.

noughts that have occupied the world's greatest thinkers in all ages are clothed in the finest language ; the perfect word falls into the precise place ; everything is compact, polished, subtle, and magnificent. The grossnesses of the original are absent, the sensuousness is refined. How brilliant is the opening stanza—

'Wake ! for the sun, who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.'

Who can forget the description of the spring morning in the fourth quatrain, the delightful lines about the flowers springing from the lips of the lovely dead ; those—surely the loveliest of all—which speak of the seas, bereft of their Lord, mourning in flowing purple ; and that idyllic picture of old Omar with his book, jug, and loaf, listening to Heart's Desire singing ? The *Book of Verses* stanza illustrates perhaps better than any other FitzGerald's method. It is built up from two of Omar's quatrains, Nos. 149 and 155. Omar adds to his loaf a thigh-bone of mutton, an unpicturesque addition that FitzGerald wisely omits, though he introduces on his own responsibility, as we have observed in an earlier chapter, the overhanging bough.

There is nothing superfluous in FitzGerald's poem. Every stanza is packed close with thought, every line has been touched and touched again. Each jewel has received as much finish as it is possible for the lapidary to impart, his model in this respect being Gray's *Elegy*. FitzGerald was as fastidious as Bernard Barton had been careless, and the whole poem consists of but one hundred and one stanzas. Had the poem been less condensed it would never have become famous. The same number of stanzas as even the Oxford original

would have ruined it, so important a part did FitzGerald's passion for condensation play in his successful essay to obtain admittance among the 'immortals.' No must the humour of the poem be lost sight of. FitzGerald's Omar is always inclined to be pleasant with you. The humour breaks out particularly in stanza 2; where Omar hears the great argument of doctor and saint; in 50, where he boasts that he was never deep in anything but wine; and in the conversation among the pots.

Yet for all its humour the poem is a sad one. The world is all awry, it is constantly saying; we cannot alter it, and there is no likelihood of improvement. The great declaration, 'All things work together for good to them that love God,'¹ Omar had either never heard of or did not believe; and FitzGerald, too, found it very difficult to believe. How far FitzGerald endorsed those of Omar's opinions which he thought well to clothe in English verse may be judged from his letter to Professor Cowell of 8th December 1857. He says: 'I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours; he and I are more akin, are we not? You see all his beauty, but you don't feel with him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel obliged to leave out the part of Hamlet in representing him to your audience, for fear of mischief. Now I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest; but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all.'² In short, whilst sympathising to a certain extent with Omar, FitzGerald recognised that there was about the old Persian a madness which could not be omitted if one wished to present a fairly faithful picture. But it was not neces-

109.
FitzGerald
the Doubter.

¹ Romans viii. 28.

² *Letters* (Macmillan).

sary to show Hamlet at his maddest, therefore the wildest utterances about the Deity and the wine-cup are omitted. Still, beyond a few extravagances, we get a faithful representation of Omar. FitzGerald never meant to draw up a creed, and those who regard his poem in that light are making a use of it that was not intended.

FitzGerald's own attitude towards Christianity has been summed up by Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity: 'During the latter half of his life he was a prisoner in Doubting Castle.' We remember how in earlier days he had sat under Matthews, and had longed for Matthews' faith. The Bedford evangelist, the only man who had really touched his heart, could not convince him. The thorough trust in Providence, which it is the happiness of some to possess, was not his. As a matter of fact, 'he felt in some respects with Omar,' and practised to the best of his ability the Christian virtues without putting himself in a line with Christians. 'It seems to me beyond question,' says Mr. Hindes Groome, 'that his version of the *Rubaiyat* is an utterance of his soul's deepest doubts, and that hereafter it will come to be recognised as the highest expression of agnosticism.' We would not, however, lose sight of another remark of Mr. Hindes Groome: 'His thoughts on religion he kept to himself'; and Miss Thornton,¹ a friend of FitzGerald's, said to me, 'Nobody ever did know what his religion was.' Indeed, despite his Bashkirtseffian revelations about everything else, he was respecting his religious feelings absolutely mute. His letters are an open book in which you can read all his thoughts, save those relating to one subject. Let us notice, however, that in *Polonius*² he quotes, and evidently with approval, Richter's words, 'When at the last hour all

¹ I shall have to speak about this lady later.

² Published 1852.

other hopes and fears die within us, and knowledge and confidence vanish away, Religion alone survives and blossoms as the night of death closes round.' The *Rubaiyat* is the mournful yet exquisite song of a thoughtful and lonely man, who again and again had questioned his soul about the great things of life and death, but could get no satisfactory answer.

Many have been the eulogists of FitzGerald's poem. I shall quote only Mr. Swinburne's verdict. 'As to the greatness of the *Rubaiyat*,' he says, 'I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos, and beauty of thought and work, except possibly Ecclesiastes.' As to the form in which FitzGerald cast his poem, namely the quatrain, with the first, second, and fourth lines rhyming, he was certainly the first Englishman to use this particular verse structure, and he used it with such effect that it has become practically his individual property. For anybody who writes quatrains nowadays must expect to be told that he is imitating FitzGerald, just as anybody who uses the stanza of *In Memoriam* is commonly charged with aping Tennyson.

The story of the publishing of FitzGerald's Omar has often been told. Surely never since the invention of printing has a man's literary masterpiece reached the public in so extraordinary a way, never has fine work run such a narrow chance of being lost. In January 1858, FitzGerald sent the manuscript to London for publication in *Fraser's Magazine*, and twelve months later, as no use was made of it, he wrote to Parker the publisher, requesting its return. It was in FitzGerald's hands again on 13th January 1859, and, having made a few additions, he decided to publish it at his own expense. The poem was ready for issue on February 15th as a small quarto pamphlet in

110. The Publishing of FitzGerald's Omar, 15th February 1859.

brown wrapper, on which the title was printed as follows :—

Rubaiyat | of Omar Khayyam, | The Astronomer-Poet
of Persia, | Translated into English Verse. London :
Bernard Quaritch, | Castle Street, Leicester Square
1859.

The printer was G. Norman, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London ; the price, five shillings.

To Cowell, to whom he had sent a copy, FitzGerald said, 'I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys. But when one has done one's best . . . one likes to make an end of the matter by print. I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have.' He also sent copies to Donne, Borrow, and a few others. The remainder, some two hundred copies, he carried to Quaritch's, and placing the parcel on the counter, said that he had brought them as a present. Quaritch tried to sell them, first at half a crown, and then at a shilling. Ultimately they reached the penny box outside his door, where they found buyers at the price. For many months little was heard of them, but after a time, and by great good fortune, copies fell into the hands of D. G. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Sir Richard Burton, and other men of taste and talent, and the thin brown pamphlet began to be talked about with enthusiasm in literary circles. Its stream of popularity has since flowed with ever-increasing volume. Still, nine years passed before the issue of the second edition. The third appeared in 1872, the fourth, and last during FitzGerald's lifetime, in 1879, and each new edition showed that the poet had been busy 'polishing his stanza.' Since then there have been in England and America fresh editions

almost every year, and latterly almost every year the editions published in FitzGerald's lifetime, the last is undoubtedly—save perhaps in respect to line here and there—far and away the best, and it is to this that all our references are made. The first edition contains 75 quatrains, the last seventeen being called *Kuza-Nama*, Book of Pots; the second edition 110 quatrains; the third and fourth 101. The year 1903 saw the splendid *édition de luxe* of *The Works of Edward FitzGerald*, in seven volumes,¹ edited by Mr. Aldis Wright and published by Messrs. Macmillan, which includes all his works and the published letters in chronological order.

The common notion that FitzGerald owed the beginning of his fame to Quaritch is a mistaken one. Quaritch's sole part in the matter was that he sold the copies handed to him. If FitzGerald may be said to have been discovered at all, his discoverers undoubtedly were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. A. C. Swinburne. The publication of his letters, of course, which did so much for his fame, we owe to Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

Another Persian favourite with FitzGerald was the *Mesnavi* of Jelaledin, and he strongly and persistently urged Cowell, who had translated parts of it, to continue his labours. Fifteen years later, he was still pressing the claims of Jelaledin on the genius of his friend.

On 27th April 1859 died at his home at Benhall, at the age of seventy-seven, FitzGerald's neighbour and acquaintance, the Rev. John Mitford, whose connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine* had ceased a few years previous. In October, FitzGerald was at Lowestoft—

¹ All the copies of this edition were subscribed for long before the day of publication.



ELLIOTT KENWORTHY BROWNE, SEPT. 1861

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.



GERALD E. BROWNE, SEPT. 1861.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

PLATE XXXIX.

10 Marine Terrace—whither he went in order to see Mrs. Browne, who was visiting there, and so avoid having to go to Bedford with its painful memories. He stayed till March or April, breaking the visit once by a fortnight at Geldestone. In June he is back at Farlingay viewing the hawthorn hedges, the tower of St. Mary's Church at Woodbridge, and beyond that the furze and broom stretching to the sea. In the autumn, Mrs. Browne's sons Elliott¹ and Gerald² (FitzGerald's god-son), who were boarders at Bedford Grammar School, under the Rev. F. F. Fanshawe, paid him a visit. He took them to Aldeburgh and amused them among the ships, boats, and sailors. They formed particular friendships with James Fisher, to whom FitzGerald had presented a boat, *The Mermaid*, and Fisher's sons Ted and Walter—the last 'a gentleman at heart though in a guernsey'; and they saw a vessel, *The Daisy*, launched, in which Ted and Walter were about to voyage. One of the sailors, John Green, had christened his boat *The Victor*. 'What do you call her that for?' cried FitzGerald. 'Give me the old-fashioned names Polly and Peggy.' Aldeburgh and the sailors were precisely to the boys' taste, but not so Mrs. Ling, the invalid daughter of Mr. Smith at Farlingay, who kept to her sofa, and, like Miss Betsy Trotwood, did not approve of boys. After this lady's death, which occurred some eighteen months later, FitzGerald twitted the boys upon their antipathy to her, and remarked half-sincerely, half-humorously, 'How gladly would I be where such a good (if not delightful) creature is gone!'

A little later FitzGerald again visited Aldeburgh, and

¹ Elliott Kenworthy Browne, now rector of North Stoneham, Hants.

² Now Captain Gerald E. Kenworthy Browne.

III. Mrs.
Browne's
Sons at
Aldeburgh.
The 'Three
Mariners.'

found that Walter and his father had been rowing[†] a party of eighteen to Orford. Says he, 'I seated myself on the same bench by the river inn' (the 'Three Mariners' at Slaughden) 'where I had refreshed them two evenings before, so as, when they landed weary with their pull, they saw me, or my ghost, as they said, ready to give them a pipe and a glass of beer again.'¹ After a couple of days at Aldeburgh, FitzGerald returned to Farlingay, where his first action was to pack up and send some tobacco to Ted and Walter to console them in the deep seas when they set sail in *The Daisy*.

What incensed FitzGerald more than anything else at Boulge was the habit of the squirearchy of cutting down the trees and levelling the old violet-banks. Walking one day from Hasketon to Bredfield, that old goblin-haunted road which, as a child, he used to traverse, in a shiver of terror, with his mother, FitzGerald 'had the pleasure of breaking down and through some bushes and hurdles put to block up a fallen stile.' He says, 'Really, it is the sad ugliness of our once pleasant fields that half drives me to the water where the power of the squirearchy stops!' In his little boat, with bottled porter, bread and cheese, and some good rough soul to row, he was happy. He hears from friends. F. Tennyson is settled at Jersey; Spedding, 'that melancholy ruin of the nineteenth century,' 'equable as the stars,' still in Lincoln's Inn Fields, toils at Bacon; Carlyle exchanges *Frederick* for Scotland and idleness; Thackeray is rejoicing in the success of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and asking, 'How much do you think my next twelve months' earnings and receipts will be if I work? £10,000? Cockadoodle-oodloodle!'

¹ To Mrs. Browne, 25th April 1859; unpublished.



THE GREAT MANSION OF ACHARD

During the year 1860 FitzGerald sent to the *East Anglian*,¹ or *Notes and Queries on Subjects connected with the Counties of Suffolk, Cambridge, and Essex*, four communications ^{on the F. Contributions} all signed 'F.,' namely—

1. 'Play-stalls,' April 1860.
2. 'Orwell Wands,' April 1860.
3. 'East Anglian Songs,' July 1860.
4. 'The Vocabulary of the Sea-Board,' July 1860.

As regards the first, a Mr. Charnock had asked why the Poor's Land at the village of Little Wakering is called the 'Play-stall.' FitzGerald suggested that it was the same as 'Play-sted' or 'Play-ground,' called so the 'Plestor' of White's *Selborne*. Under 'Orwell Wands' FitzGerald speaks of a ship in an early English voyage which put back into 'Orwell Wands' or 'Wannes,' and asks whether the name survives. He assumes that wand = want or went, a road or way. Replies to this query inform him that Orwell Wands simply means 'Orwell Waters,' and Mr. Charnock suggests that the word is derived from the Dutch vand = water. Under 'East Anglian Songs' he wants to know whether any reader can supply him with a complete copy of a country ballad beginning—

'The farmer's old hen she began to cackle :
Says she to the Fox you're a precious old rogue :
Your scent is so strong that I wish you'd keep away.
The farmer's old hen she began for to say.'

'The air,' observes FitzGerald, 'to which these verses run is very beautiful, as Sir Henry Bishop thought and to whom I sent it.'² And the words promise some future ;

¹ Edited by Samuel Tynnes, 60 High Street, Liverpool.

² See section 84.

at any rate some good Suffolk, of which "collogue" is a good earnest.' Under the head of 'Vocabulary of the Sea-Board' he writes, 'Moor, Forby, and other glossarists confine themselves to the *inland* phraseology, neglecting the sea-board. When I was at Lowestoft last year' (he writes, July 1861), 'I heard many words which are *not* in these vocabularies. These should be collected, *e.g.* the parts of a net—the beam (wooden backbone), the lutades (a very curious word), for the bent irons at the end (? A.S. lutean, to bend); the shales (meshes), of which a row is called a *gong*.' These numbers of the *East Anglian* teem with matter by various contributors that must have been of great interest to FitzGerald and other lovers of Suffolk folklore, words, and phrases. During the latter half of the same year, and the first half of the next, he sent to *Notes and Queries* twelve others, all signed 'Parathina' (Greek 'Para' = along, 'thina' acc. of 'this' = the beach)—a very suitable signature for so confirmed a lover of the sea.

In No. 7, 'East Anglian Words,' he asks for the probable derivation of *Dutfin* (the bridle in cart harness), and *futnon* (now and then), and refers to a poor sick woman who was grateful because she got 'a little sleep every *futinon*.' He then offers information about two other words, namely *spoon-drift*, sea-spray, which he traces to Dryden and Beaumont and Fletcher; and *composants*, the lights sometimes seen on mastheads during a storm. The latter, which (with memories of Fulcher's *Pocket-Book* in his mind) he calls his 'prize enigma,' he traces to Dampier, who speaks of the 'corpus sant.'¹ In No. 9 he expresses his admiration for Dryden's pre-

¹ *Composant*, corruption of *corposant*, Pg. *corpo santo* 'holy body,' from its resemblance to an aureole, the electrical phenomenon known also as St. Elmo's Fire.

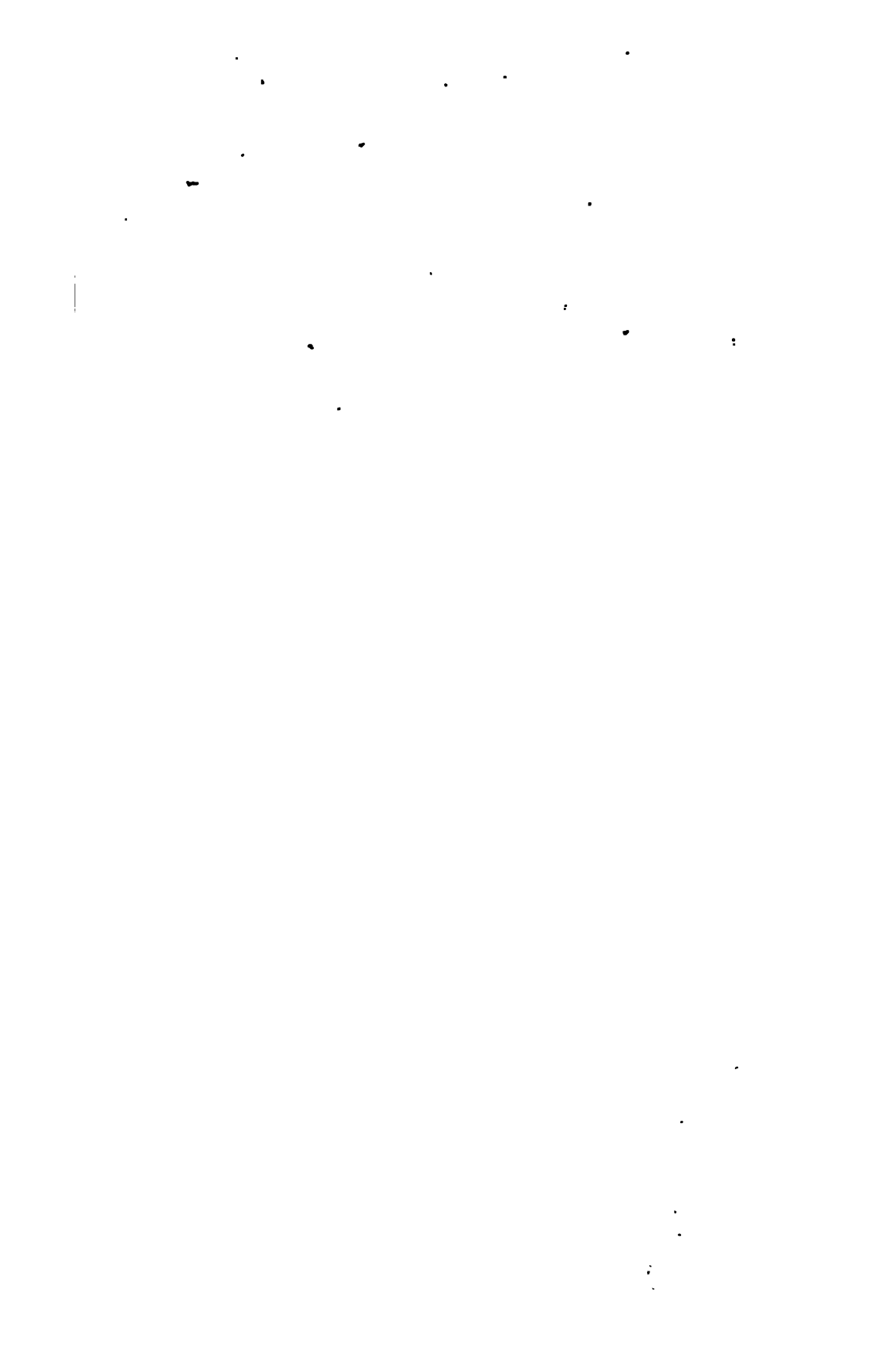
faces, and suggests a collected edition of them ; in No. 10 he takes part in a discussion as to the historicity of the narrative of Whittington and his cat ; in No. 11 he defends the custom of preserving foreign plural forms ; and in No. 12 gives some notes about his "Holy Family" on a panel' signed 'Petrus dein gnatis fecit, MDXLVIII.,'¹ as a contribution to the discussion whether a picture seen at Gorhambury, dated 1446, and signed Detrus, was not really by one 'Petrus'—Peter somebody.

¹See section 99.

BOOK V

WOODBIDGE MARKET-PLACE

THIRTEEN YEARS (DECEMBER 1860-1873)



CHAPTER · XV

THE YACHT AND 'POSH'

DECEMBER 1860—MARCH 1866

Bibliography

22. 'Virgil's Garden' (written 1862).
23. Omar Khayyam (reprint of 1st edition, 1862).
24. *The Magico and Such Stuff*, 1865.
25. *Agamemnon*, 1st edition, 1865.

TOWARDS the end of 1860 FitzGerald left Farlingay, because, as he said, Mr. Smith did not care to have him there, and took lodgings with Mr. Sharman Berry, a gunmaker, on Woodbridge Market-Place, where in his 'den on the first floor' he lived contentedly for thirteen years. If he had a grievance it was the chimes of St. Mary's just opposite, which would play every three hours in a languid way 'Where, and oh where, is my soldier laddie gone?' and on Sundays, the 'Sicilian Mariner's Hymn,' just as leisurely. Berry valued his guest—who indeed was often away for weeks together—both on account of his excellent pay and his considerateness; and FitzGerald, on his part, had nothing but good to say of his landlord and landlady, though he could have wished they had kept a decent maidservant instead of hiring at a shilling a week such a slut as he was ashamed of.

VOL. II.

113. In lodgings at Mr. Berry's. Spedding's Second Volume of Bacon.



The room itself he thus describes:¹ 'You would smile to see the little room in which I live, and which I have crammed with all my old pictures, gewgaws, and knick-knacks, till it looks like a back shop in Wardour Street. I scarce ever buy a picture now, never going to London where such things are to be seen, and I believe I like the gold frames better than the dark canvases inside. I try to make my room as bright and cheerful as I can, especially against terrible winter.'

Such were the surroundings of a man of taste and culture with an income of something like a thousand a year, for that is what he had enjoyed subsequent to his mother's death. By and by he goes to Aldeburgh again in order to see the sailors Ted and Walter and 'Walter's father,' and hears of a quarrel between the captain of the *Daisy* and his crew, to which, as we have seen, Ted and Walter belonged. Walter was to be home at Christmas, and FitzGerald decides to run over and 'hear about the whole business.' What a confirmed gossip it is! Was ever old woman worse!

'On Christmas day,' says he, writing to Mrs. Browne,² 'I expect to be dining all alone and on potatoes. But whose fault is that?' Then he goes on: 'I seriously think I *must* find some home of my own this next year lest I be caught some sudden fine day with death, disease, or disability in a strange house. And whose fault is that?' He wishes remembrances to Mr. Joseph Browne (Mrs. Browne's father-in-law), Mr. Harry Dyott Boulton of Puttenham, and the Rev. W. Monkhouse. Says he, 'I often and often think of them as I sit by the fire, of them and old Bedfordshire.' About this time he wrote the lines entitled 'Virgil's Garden laid out *à la Delille*,' which

¹ Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne, 22nd August 1862.

² Unpublished letter.

twenty years later appeared in *Temple Bar*,¹ and during the same year (1862) he reprinted the first edition of his Omar Khayyam, with a 'note' by M. Garcin de Tassy, an article from the *Calcutta Review* by Professor Cowell, and fifteen additional quatrains by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

This year died at Boulge FitzGerald's old Waterloo servant John Faire, husband of the red-armed and vain old woman of Boulge Cottage. FitzGerald had a stone to his memory put in Boulge churchyard, and composed an inscription for it in which the veteran is described as 'a brave soldier, a faithful servant, and a humble Christian.' In November there was a family gathering at Boulge Hall, but Edward could not be induced to join the party, so they came down to his room over the gunpowder 'by twos and threes.'

Meanwhile Spedding had plodded steadily on with his colossal labour, proceeding with the leisureliness, but at the same time with the certainty, of a steam-roller. The first volume of *The Works, Life, and Letters of Bacon* had appeared in 1857; the event of 1861 was the publication of the second volume. 'I have been reading,' says Sir Henry Taylor, 'Spedding's *Life of Bacon* with profound interest and admiration—admiration, not of the perfect style and penetrating judgment only, but also of the extraordinary labour bestowed upon the work by a lazy man. . . . I doubt whether there be any other example in literary history of so large an intellect as Spedding's devoting itself with so much self-sacrifice to the illustration of one which was larger still.' One prominent trait in Spedding's character, his stoicism, is very noticeable in his letters to Taylor. He says: 'I do not encourage my friends to talk to me about my own performances, except where they have objections to make: if you hit,

¹ April 1882.

you do not want praise ; if you miss, praise won't mend it.' Taylor replied, 'I do not agree with you about praise. I like it.'

Towards the end of March 1862 died Mr. Job Smith of Farlingay. Says FitzGerald, in an unpublished letter

114. Death of
Mr. Job Smith
(March 1862).
The Ferry.

to Mrs. Browne, 'His end was beef, for he was murmuring about sales of cattle to the last' ; and elsewhere, 'That most pleasant Farlingay is now ready for me to step into, furnished with all the dead and live stock I should require, and yet I dare not ! To be alone in the country, even but a short mile of a town is now become sad to me ; dull as *this* town is, yet people pass, children scream, and a man calls "hot rolls," which is less sad than the waving and moaning of trees, and the sight of a dead garden before the window.' Mr. Alfred Smith had by this time become settled at Sutton Hoo, or Sutton Haugh, as FitzGerald decided it was to be, on account of its situation between two hills—a farm just opposite Woodbridge, on the east side of the river. Thenceforward Sutton Haugh became one of FitzGerald's favourite haunts. To reach it you must take the ferry, unless you wish to go round by Melton, where there is a bridge. The arrangements at the ferry are primitive and interesting. You knock at a slated box, which has a high tiny window and F. H. on the door ; and a man in blue, with leggings and woollen stockings, appears, leaves reluctantly the fire at which he has been cuddling, walks with you down a long path past the mill, and takes you over in his boat, which he propels by pushing an oar into the mud. When on the other side you glance anxiously back at the far-distant 'F. H. box,' with diminutive window, and ask Blue-guernsey how you are to make known when you want to return, Blue-guernsey looks at you with

amused surprise. 'You must holler,' says he. Your way then lies along a sandy path between the river and the Ferry Cliff, an eminence of warm-red formation with bracken and bramble and a row of Scotch firs on the ridge. Sutton Haugh has been very much altered since FitzGerald's day. The front is quite new, but the fine old trees, beech and chestnut, still environ and over-top it, and the path which FitzGerald so often trod has not altered in a single characteristic. As one returns, Woodbridge over the river certainly appears picturesque. It was a day in autumn. The green russet and yellow of the trees mingled agreeably with the ripe red of the roofs; the square tower of St. Mary's, the steeple of St. John's, windmills with slowly revolving sails, stood out in front of the grey-green of the distance, the charm of which was not lessened by a fine rain which fell and robed the whole in a delicate haze. Then came shouts. The man in blue and two prospective passengers, who all happen to be on the Sutton side the river, wave their hands, though you are a quarter of a mile off, whistle, and bawl at the top of their voices for you to 'Come on! Hurry up!' which they keep on shouting till you have almost reached them. How many times must FitzGerald have had similar experiences! He who wishes to make FitzGerald live again cannot do better than take the ferry and walk to Sutton Haugh.

FitzGerald still continued to lament the loss of the pleasant woods, peopled in his childhood with goblins and heraldic beasts, between Hasketon to Bredfield; and his lamentations gave place to anger when other land-owners commenced felling trees. The place would soon be a wilderness, he said. 'Oh,' he cried, 'for Bedfordshire, not yet forsaken by the spirit of poetry, where trees are trees (not timber), and tapering poplars—likely enough

thirteen in a row—contemplate their doubles in the placid Ouse. But the “dear shepherd” of those fields is gone. Never again “will the learned maidens and delightful Graces” sit to hear him sing.’¹

About this time FitzGerald, who had long had a boat on the Deben, sent a man to London to choose another and larger. ‘I dare say,’ says he, ‘I shan’t like it so well as my old one. But the landlords and farmers have made the country about here so ugly by cutting down every old tree and rooting up every old bank that had a primrose or a violet upon it, or a briar for a bird to build or sing in, that I am really forced to the river and sea which these people cannot as yet get hold of to spoil.’² Unfortunately, the man whom he sent on this errand turned out to be ‘one of the greatest noodles in Woodbridge (and that is no small thing!),’ and for once in his life FitzGerald discovered that he could have done better by relying on his own judgment. He got rid of his new possession ‘at a total loss of all the cost.’ Then he hired a boat which turned out ‘but a shabby concern,’ for he had ‘to keep patching it up to keep it fit for wind and wave.’ ‘But,’ he adds, ‘she will do for me this season; and who knows if I should do, even for her, another year?’³ In August he received a visit from his friend Airy, whom he took to see Orford Castle by land and the river Deben in his shabby boat, and comments, ‘He was well—well pleased with his visit, and certainly well pleasing me by his company.’³ Later, FitzGerald sent Alfred Tennyson some hints for *Enoch Arden*, relating chiefly to sailors

¹ The Michael Drayton quotation, ‘To his friend William Brown,’ in the Museum Book.

² Unpublished letter to Mrs. W. K. Browne.

³ *Ibid.*, 22nd August 1862.

and their customs, on which he was naturally an excellent authority. He expresses his admiration for Captain Cook and the captain's fine English, and concludes his letter, which is to Mrs. Tennyson, by saying, 'Some summer—some summer day, send the old wretch here, where nobody scarce knows his name (don't be angry, Mrs. A. T.), though a duller place is not! but an ugly river

And a dirty sea
And E.F-G.
This is my poem—Q.E.D.'¹

From Mrs. Browne FitzGerald heard poor news of his old friend the Rev. William Monkhouse, vicar of Goldington, and in reply he says (2nd June 1862): 'Airy wrote to me that he did not suppose Mr. Monkhouse much out of repair from having seen him eat nearly a whole chicken, after having drunk its broth by way of an invalid dinner. But I have no doubt you are better informed. Monkhouse cannot be far from sixty, at which time most men begin to feel they are mortal, if not before. I am fifty-three and see the breakers ahead!'² Mr. Monkhouse died twelve days later. He was a noble-minded, liberal-hearted, earnest man, and his memory is still honoured in the village. In November 1862 FitzGerald visits London, but owing to incuriosity and indolence does not look in at the Exhibition; and he reads Borrow's *Wild Wales*, which, says he, 'I like well, because I can hear him talking it.' He understands that Thackeray has given up the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* and settled in his house on Palace Green, Kensington, which had just been built at a cost of £4000. In February

116. Death of
Monkhouse
and Captain
Addington.

¹ *Life of Lord Tennyson*.

² To Mrs. W. K. Browne, 2nd June 1862 (unpublished).

occurred the death of Captain Addington. They buried him in the vault under the altar of Goldington church, among his moneyed ancestors. Big Isaac and Little Isaac mourned him; and his beloved cats (the illustrious Tom had long been dead and stuffed) had to find less indulgent masters. Writing to Mrs. Browne¹ (Valentine's Day, 1863), FitzGerald says: 'Airy also tells me of Captain Addington's death. Oddly enough, it was only yesterday I was talking of him to one of my younger nieces, who is a lover of cats, and who said she never saw a *stuffed* one. I told her of Captain Addington's, and how he used to sit with another live one *shussing* at his table. Changes at Goldington; he says, too, the trees before Monkhouse's vicarage are down, so that now it looks like a cheerless hut.' A little later comes news of the death of Mrs. Joseph Browne of Cauldwell House, mother of his late friend W. K. Browne, and he comments, 'So another of my own immediate predecessors to the grave is just gone! For one now begins to see that one is left in the first file that way, as one gets upon sixty. . . . I could so well understand how you would miss Mrs. Browne. She was a *mother* who loved her children.' Elsewhere he says: 'I am troubled about the health of my sister Kerrich, who seems to me drawing downwards; she has had a life of anxiety.'²

Most of the letters of this time contain references to his old Bedford haunts:—'Cauldwell Street, oh, how strange those old names seem now!' 'Ah, the old house in Cauldwell Street! Is that to be sold or let?' 'Bedfordshire has not much of hill or tree, but yet there

¹ There is a tablet to several members of the family in the church. His brother Peter, who died in 1872, lies in the churchyard.

² Unpublished letter.

³ To Mrs. W. K. Browne, 15th March 1863 (unpublished).

were the blue hills all round it, and the Ouse with its water-lilies everywhere.'¹ He speaks, too (2nd May 1863), of looking at some sketches of Turvey and Bletsoe, done in 1837. 'I even inked over some of the fading pencil, and found I remembered things said, done, and thought of, as I did it.'²

In the spring of 1863 FitzGerald 'was fool enough' to order, at a cost of £350, a small yacht.³ Over and over again, before it was half built, he lamented his action. But he was born, he said, to blunder, and then he quotes Browne's saying about it being 'so much better to repent of what was undone than done.' At first he called his yacht, as a man of Irish descent naturally would, *The Shamrock*. Afterwards it was *The Scandal*, a name given for two reasons: first, after the main staple of Woodbridge; and secondly, 'because,' as he used facetiously to observe, 'all the other names were taken up, so he was forced to have that or none.' The boat was proved by 'a tuning' in 'a rather heavy swell' round Orford Ness to be satisfactory, though not more so than its captain, Thomas Newson of Felixstowe, familiarly 'Bassy' or 'The Doctor,' 'as smart a little man as ever paced a deck,' 'every inch a seaman.'

Newson talked through his nose, and had an odd habit of tipping his head on one side, 'which made him look very wise.' FitzGerald had no particular use for his vessel, felt no hankering after travel, and became every day more attached to his chair and his bed. However, make voyages he did, getting once, in company, with one George Manby, a corn-merchant of Woodbridge, as far as Holland, where he saw nothing that

117. 'The
Scandal.'
Opinions on
Education.

¹ To Mrs. W. K. Browne (unpublished).

² *Ibid.*

³ Burden, 15 tons; builder, Harvey of Wyvenhoe.

he could not 'have seen just as well in pictures.' He always took books to read, usually Homer and Dante because they 'atoned with the sea.' Eventually, however, he got really to love his yacht, his 'dear little ship' as he affectionately styled her.

In March, Mrs. W. K. Browne consulted him as to the advisability of her living on the Continent with her daughters. In reply he describes himself as but a indifferent oracle, and continues: 'This I say in a sincerity, and looking back over fifty-five years of blunder and folly. I have in the last fifteen or twenty years always resorted to others for advice, though I have not always taken it, and have always had to repent when I have *not* asked or *not* followed it.' He says that up to 1859 his constant adviser was W. K. Browne. 'Since then I have clung to George Crabbe,¹ and there is also one sensible man in Woodbridge here that I resort to in any difficulty.' He gives Mrs. Browne advice, however, 'derived from others'—Don't go. He said: 'I had seen one instance of a lady like yourself who resided with her daughter at that very Brussels, then went to her old home in Suffolk, but had no peace till her children had persuaded her back to the Continent.' Even Woodbridge, 'my large and gay English town,' he held 'to be dangerous to young people if the country is intended to be their home.'² Then Mrs. Browne wanted his opinion respecting the education of her sons, Elliott and Gerald. 'Thus far,' observes FitzGerald, 'I dare counsel about Rugby; I think no education for boys so good as a great public school to learn in while they *live* at home. It seems to me to combine all advantages.' His suggestion was carried out, for Mrs. Browne went to reside at Rugby, and remained there while her

¹ The Third.

² Unpublished letter.



WOODBIDGE JETTY

From a photograph by Mr. H. Welton, Woodbridge.



FITZGERALD'S YACHT 'THE SCANDAL,' 20-TON SCHOONER YACHT

'MY DEAR LITTLE SHIP'

PLATE XLII.

sons were at the school. In another letter he continues his remarks respecting the girls. Mrs. Browne thought that if her daughters went to Brussels they would easily pick up German and French. 'But,' he asks, 'why do you want your daughters to learn these languages better than they are taught in England? And as to going abroad to learn, only a week ago George Crabbe (who is one of the most sensible men I know, and who is himself very fond of travel) was saying what a mistake it is to take young people, and most especially young women, abroad. They generally get their heads filled with foreign fashions and tastes, and scarcely ever settle down to English country life after. They are always wanting to go again to the charming Brussels, etc. If you would have your daughters be content with Goldington, beware of Brussels, . . . so try and make good, sensible, house-keeping, home-keeping English women of your girls!'¹

FitzGerald used very often to insist on the importance of girls leading a thoroughly healthy, useful life. Hearing that one of his acquaintances had married a delicate, languid, insipid, white-faced lady, who did not know how to do anything except fancy-work, he said bluntly: 'He had much better have married a sound, robust farmer's daughter with a gift for managing the house!' Of a gentleman in straitened circumstances who had a family of daughters who were allowed to stay at home and amuse themselves in faddling occupations, instead of being forced to go out into the world, he said: 'Look at So-and-so! He hasn't a penny, yet there are his daughters all at home, kept like white mice.'²

¹ Unpublished letter.

² Told me by one of FitzGerald's friends.



WOODBIDGE JETTY

From a photograph by Mr. H. Welton, Woodbridge.



FITZGERALD'S YACHT 'THE SCANDAL,' 20-TON SCHOONER YACHT

'MY DEAR LITTLE SHIP'

PLATE XL.

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¹ Unpublished letter.

² Told me by one of FitzGerald's friends.

In April 1863 came FitzGerald's second great blow the death of his favourite sister, Eleanor (Mrs. Kerrich).

Writing to Mrs. Browne¹ he says: 'You s
 118. Death of
 Mrs. Kerrich. my paper is as dark as yours. My dear sist
 Kerrich died last Tuesday. . . . For hers
 it is well: she never, I believe, would have had tolerab
 health any more. But for her family! . . . so goes th
 world. The good die, they sacrifice themselves fo
 others; she never thought of herself, only her children
 Ay, and would fret about any cold *I* might have, whe
 she was lying overcome with illness herself, and wit
 the whole weight of that large and anxious famil
 depending on her.' Then comes a characteristic Fitz
 Geraldism. 'I will not go to the wretched funeral
 where there are plenty of mourners, but I shall go to
 Geldestone when they wish me.' As one friend afte
 another was lost to him, the sadness of his life deepened
 'I walk about,' he tells Mrs. Browne, 'with a melan
 choly pleasure. I used to observe that the return o
 spring recalled your husband to me, and how in al
 her sorrows and pains my sister used to delight in
 the fresh green flowers and birds' songs.'² Hencefor
 ward one of the most fervent desires of FitzGerald's
 heart was to do all in his power for Mrs. Kerrich's
 children.

In June 1863 he spent a day with Thompson at Ely, and went thence to George Crabbe's at Merton in Norfolk, where he met again his old love, Crabbe's sister Caroline. Says he: 'A very pleasant time we had of it. 'Twas like other days in their father's house; and the country, though flat as Norfolk generally is, yet so divinely green with oak and hawthorn! After all the

¹ Unpublished letter.

² Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne, 2nd May 1863.

devastation of hedge and timber hereabout it seemed to me paradise.'¹

In August he lent his yacht to Newson and three others who made a very pleasant trip to Rotterdam to see the Fair—in the festivities of which they took part. Speaking one day to Mr. Alfred Smith about Newson, FitzGerald exclaimed, 'Doesn't he make you think of a magpie looking in a quart pot? You see the head on one side. He is always smiling, yet the wretched fellow is the father of twins.'

In August the Rev. William Airy was in Suffolk visiting his relations, the Biddells, at Playford; and thence he went to FitzGerald at Woodbridge. Airy being 'very obstinate' and apt to make 'a truculent mouth if one doesn't follow where he bids,' FitzGerald lays himself out to give pleasure, and succeeds. They sail on the river and look at Bawdsey cliffs and Ramsholt church, and talk of old times at Bury and in Bedfordshire. As for Boulge, he never visits it except when quite sure there is no company, though he is always glad to see his brother at Mr. Berry's—at any rate, for the first quarter of an hour. After that the visitor becomes trying. It is hopeless to attempt to stem the cataract of talk. Poor Edward, though it is his own room, cannot wedge in a word.

FitzGerald took considerable interest in the volunteer movement, and particularly in the Woodbridge and Wickham Market corps, in which were several of his friends. In May 1861, after observing, 'Our Rifles are going to march to Grundisburgh *manuring* and *skrimmaging* as they go,' he expresses regret that the neighbouring gentry were so indifferent in the matter—'giving nothing' to

119. The
Volunteers.
Death of
Thackeray.

¹ Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne, 8th June 1863.

the corps in 'the way of entertainment.' Later he presented a challenge cup, which was won by Mr. John Loder. He used sometimes to go and see them shoot and he got his brother John to ask them up to Boulge to practise. On the 28th of August 1863 they had quite a grand field day at Boulge—marching, manœuvring, refreshments, and speech-making in the park; and to commemorate the event an engraving was made with the lettering: 'View representing the Fête given to the Woodbridge and Wickham Market Volunteers by J. F. FitzGerald, Esq., Friday, August 28, 1863.'

'On Christmas-day night,' as FitzGerald was walking in the Seckford almshouses garden, a neighbour met him and told him of the death of Thackeray, who had been found dead in his bed on the morning of the previous day. Thackeray was only fifty-two, but 'old, white, melancholy.' 'I have taken too many crops out of the brain,' he said. Perhaps FitzGerald thought of those lines on 'Will Thackeray,' written so many years previous, in which he prophesied that their friendship would last until death severed it—as it had lasted; at any rate he read *The Newcomes* again, and it seemed to him that Thackeray might be mounting Mr. Berry's stairs, and about to come singing into the room, as 'in old Charlotte Street' thirty years previous. Summing his friend up, FitzGerald says: 'He was a fine fellow, his books are wonderful.'

In April, FitzGerald was in Wiltshire visiting Miss Caroline Crabbe, and shortly after his return he purchased from his friend Major Pytches of Melton Grange a farmhouse on the outskirts of Woodbridge and not far from Melton Grange — 'the more considerable chateau on the hill above.' The grounds of the two

120. Little
Grange.
Return of
Cowell to
England.



BOULGE HALL, SUFFOLK

FÊTE GIVEN TO THE WOODBRIDGE AND WICKHAM MARKET VOLUNTEERS BY
JOHN FITZGERALD, AUGUST 28, 1863



MR. BERRY'S HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE

WHERE FITZGERALD LODGED THIRTEEN YEARS (1860-1873)
THE HOUSE WITH THE WORDS 'SPORTING STORES'

PLATE XLII.

Granges are separated by 'Pytches Road.' At first he called his purchase 'Grange Farm,' but subsequently 'at the command' of Miss Anna Biddell—and there was no arguing with a Biddell—'Little Grange,'—thus distinguishing it from the great Grange higher up. For some time Little Grange had been divided and used as two cottages, and was inhabited by two of Major Pytches' servants—the coachman and John Howe, formerly a master mariner, who subsequently entered the service of FitzGerald. With Major and Mrs. Pytches (formerly Miss Anne Carthew, FitzGerald's playmate) FitzGerald was always on intimate and friendly terms. He once said to Mrs. Pytches: 'Nancy, we FitzGeralds are all mad, mad, mad.'

Another event of importance to him was the return to England, after an absence of eight years, of his beloved friends, Professor and Mrs. Cowell; but the reunion gave him not happiness but 'a sad sort of pleasure, dashed with the memory of other days'—the days before the fatal marriage. He reads Wesley's Journal again, praising its pure and unaffected English; and lays it aside to take up Juvenal and Lucretius.

Another important event of this year was his discovery at Lowestoft of the stalwart six-foot salt, Joseph Fletcher, nicknamed Posh, who subsequently became ^{121.} Posh, captain of FitzGerald's herring lugger. The ^{122.} 1864 origin of the acquaintance with Posh is thus related by FitzGerald¹ in an unpublished letter to Mrs. W. Kenworthy Browne: 'In 1859 (the autumn and winter of it) I lived here [at Lowestoft], and used to wander about the shore at night longing for some fellow to accost me who might give some promise of filling up a very vacant place in my heart'—a reference to the death of W. K.

¹ Letter of 10th August 1867.

Browne—‘but only some of the more idle and worthless sailors came across me. When I got acquainted with this captain three years ago I asked him why he had never come down to see me at the time I speak of. Well, he had often seen me, he said, among the boats, but never thought it becoming in him to accost me first, or even to come near me. Yet he was the very man I wanted, with, strangely enough, some resemblance in feature to a portrait of you may guess whom,¹ and much in character also, so that I seem to have jumped back to a regard of near forty years ago,² and while I am with him feel young again, and when he goes shall feel old again.’ FitzGerald describes his new idol—his magnified W. Kenworthy Browne—as ‘a man of the finest Saxon type, with a complexion *vif, mâle et flamboyant*, blue eyes, a nose less than Roman, more than Greek, and strictly auburn hair that any woman might sigh to possess. Further, he was a man of simplicity of soul, justice of thought, tenderness of nature, a gentleman of nature’s grandest type’—in short, the ‘greatest man’ ever met by FitzGerald. And FitzGerald had met Carlyle, Thackeray, and Alfred Tennyson. Posh’s associates also spoke highly of him. One honest guernsey said of him, ‘He’s the best-heartedest fellow I know’—a piling up of superlatives, Suffolk fashion, that gave FitzGerald inexpressible delight. The poetry in Posh and his picturesque colloquialisms were often FitzGerald’s themes. Speaking about a gale, Posh said, ‘Though it was a cloudless day, the spooondrift flew so thick over the vessel as to cut the sun right into little stars.’ Some of Posh’s sea lore drifted *viâ* FitzGerald into Tennyson. One remark of his, made after a visit to a wild beast show, greatly amused Fitz-

¹ Browne, of course.

² That is, the days when Browne was Posh’s age.

Gerald. 'The lion,' said Posh, as if he were describing a ship, 'the lion look a grand fellow for'ard, but very lean aft.' At this time (1864) Posh was twenty-four years of age, and wore a handsome beard. Thirty-eight years later when I met and chatted with him at Lowestoft his beard was gone, but he was still the fine, tall, erect seaman; and his simplicity of manner, and open, yet independent, bearing, made one in some measure understand FitzGerald's enthusiastic admiration for him. This admiration, however, was always tempered by the fear lest further acquaintance should reveal unpleasant characteristics—lest the 'cloven hoof' should appear. FitzGerald's kindness to Posh constantly verged on the absurd, and often caused merriment to his friends. It was as if he could never do enough for his hero. When Posh was at Woodbridge no food or drink was good enough for him. On one occasion, after an imperial feast, Alfred Smith being present, Posh felt inclined for a rest and laid himself full length on the sofa. 'Poor fellow,' said FitzGerald, in sincere tones, 'look how tired he is!' 'It seems to me,' said Mr. Smith, 'that you have made him half-drunk with your old Scotch ale.' FitzGerald, however, was quite sure that Mr. Smith did not understand the hardships of a seaman's life. Let it not be imagined that FitzGerald encouraged excess. On the contrary, he abhorred it. He appreciated a glass of port, especially old port, and there was old ale on his table for himself and friends, but intemperance was his scorn. He once said to Mr. Alfred Smith, of a relative who had been visiting at Little Grange, 'Did you notice how he took up his glass?' and then in a tone of contempt, 'I'm sure he likes it! Bah!' Though so given over to Posh, FitzGerald did not forget his other sailor friends, and he once took Dickymilk down to Woodbridge for a week.

A favourite haunt of FitzGerald's at Lowestoft was the bowling-green of the Old Suffolk, a hostelry celebrated both in prose and verse, and kept by one 'Nobby' Clark. It stood, as does its successor, the present Suffolk, at the north corner made by the London and Denmark Roads. The front, which faced the London Road, had a verandah; and the bowling-green¹ behind, which was oblong and parallel with the Denmark Road, had on the north side a series of alcoves in which FitzGerald and Posh loved to sit and smoke. In the front of the Suffolk, on the other side of the London Road, were the beautifully wooded grounds of Mrs. Roddam.

As we have seen, FitzGerald in 1853 published his translation of six plays of Calderon. He now set to work on two others, *The Mighty Magician*—'my dear old Magico,' as he calls it, and *Such Stuff as Dreams are made of*. In these plays we have some of FitzGerald's most magnificent work as a translator. *The Magico*, which had already been partly translated by Shelley, is a tale of the Early Christians. There have been many such tales, but this, despite the presence of the supernatural, carries with it more conviction than any other with which we are acquainted. Two young bloods of Antioch quarrel about a certain Christian girl named Justina. Cipriano, their professor, a great scholar, interferes, and offers to find out upon which, if upon either, the lady's affections are fixed, while the youths promise to acquiesce in her pronouncement. Cipriano, who does the errand, discovers that she loves neither. But that is not all: wedded though he has so long been

¹ 'The Suffolk with its bowling-green,
And Nobby Clark of jovial mien,
The prince of Bonifaces!'

Lowestoft in the Forties, by 'An Old Commissioner,' 31st May 1902.

to book and self-communion, he falls in love with her himself. He quits

‘ His wonted exercise
Among the sober walks of old renown,
To fly at love—to swell the wind with sighs
Vainer than learning’—

a jibe at books which reminds one of the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh stanzas of the *Rubaiyat*. Then Lucifer appears, and, for a consideration, offers to give him Justina. At first there is a struggle in the breast of Cipriano, who is inclined to yield, but finally he overcomes the temptation, flings in his lot with the Christians, confesses Christ, and reveals his projected crime to Justina, who thereupon declares that it was he whom she had loved from the first.

‘ My heart, although you saw it not,
All the while yearned to thee across the gulf
That yet it dared not pass.’

Presently they were led out to die, but, perishing as they did for the Faith, Death, ‘which others disunites,’ made them one. *Such Stuff as Dreams are made of* is the story of a king who, having discovered, or thought he had discovered, by the stars, that his son would turn out a murderous tyrant, mewed him up in a lonely castle. When the prince had reached manhood the father, having decided to test the revelation, sent for him to court and put him in authority. His worst suspicions being confirmed, the father administered a sleeping draught, and the young man was replaced in his lonely castle. When he awoke his attendant treated the episode as a dream. After a time the soldiery, who had set their affections on the prince, discovered the retreat, set him free, and marched under his leadership against the father, who in the battle

that ensued suffered defeat. When the son and the father met, the son declared that if he had the nature of a savage it was his father who, by the immurement, had given it him.

‘Himself made me,
Himself, I say, the savage he fore-read
Fate somehow should be charged with ; nipp’d the growth
Of better nature in constraint and sloth,
That only bring to bear the seed of wrong,
And turn’d the stream to fury whose outburst
Had kept his lawful channel uncoerced,
And fertilised the land he flow’d along.’

After further words of wisdom, he observes to his people that no doubt they wonder what has wrought the change in him—

‘But listen—in that same enchanted tower,
Not long ago I learn’d it from a dream
Expounded by this ancient prophet here,
And which he told me, should it come again,
How I should bear myself beneath it ; not
As then with angry passion all on fire,
Arguing and making a distemper’d soul ;
But even with justice, mercy, self-control,
As if the dream I walked in were no dream,
And conscience one day to account for it.’

Such a dream, said he, I may now be walking, and all you princes, captains, warriors may be merely shadows ; but whether wake or dreaming I know

‘How dream-wise human glories come and go.’

Therefore he meant to live well, so that whether ‘dreamer or doer’ he would have in the hereafter nothing with which to reproach himself. Among the most vivid passages in this splendid play is the description of the palace, a passage that none but a poet of the first order could have written—

'Bright shining floors
That ring hard answer back to the stamped heel,
And shoot up airy columns marble cold,
That, as they climb, break into golden leaf
And capital.'

Did ever poet load so small a canvas with more vivid details!

In the meantime FitzGerald had heard but once from his wife, namely in March 1862. She wrote to him to say that she was leaving Hornhurst, where she had for some time been staying, and was going to Brighton. Commenting on this change of residence in a letter to Mrs. Browne, FitzGerald says: 'The last I heard of Mrs. E. F. G. was that she had gone to Brighton, where, I suppose, she finds the greatest number of "God's afflicted children," among whom she proposed to spend the remainder of her days. Do you hear from her?' 123. FitzGerald on his Marriage.

In January 1865 Mrs. FitzGerald's friend Dr. Richard Jones—'Dicky Jones'—dashed into FitzGerald's house 'with a paper to sign releasing to Mrs. Lucy FitzGerald £500 which her friend Mr. Anselm Gurney had bequeathed her.' 'I think,' writes FitzGerald (15th February 1865) from Woodbridge to Mrs. W. K. Browne, 'she must have a hatchment at Brighton. Do you ever hear from her? She was down here twice last year for a considerable time, though I never came across her. She seems perfectly well, and to make herself quite comfortable at Brighton and visiting about. No doubt I was all to blame in not trying to make the best of the marriage, but can any one say but that we are *both* of us better as we are? Marriages between very unequal ages are bad, but it was reserved for me to make a stupider: of two elderly people very determined in their own distinct ways of life.

I often think of your husband in this matter: how he foresaw all, and very properly did not spare me in the matter.'¹ Writing to FitzGerald (7th July 1865), Mrs. Browne says: 'I was at Brighton a month since with Mary, my eldest girl, who has been there some time on account of her health. I saw Mrs. FitzGerald and we spoke of you, for she was anxious to know if I ever heard of you, and how you were. If you remember in your last letter *you* mentioned *her* to me. I cannot but regret your separation, though I can quite understand what led to it. You must forgive me if I pain you by allusion to this subject. I should hardly have done so had not you begun it.'² FitzGerald replies as follows (11 July 1865): 'Not less do I thank you sincerely for what you say, than for the kindly reticence you have always shown in the matter of Mrs. E. F. G. You know well enough, from your own as well as your husband's knowledge of the case, that *I* am very much most to blame, both on the score of stupidity in taking so wrong a step, and want of courageous principle in not making the best of it when taken. *She* has little to blame herself for except in fancying she knew both me and herself better than I had over and over again told her was the truth *before* marriage. Well, I won't say more. I think you will admit that she is far better off than she *was*, and as I feel sure, ever *would have been* living with me. She was brought up *to rule*; and though I believe she would have submitted to be a slave, it would have been at too great a price to her, and I doubt no advantage to me. She now can take her own way, live where she likes, have what society she likes, etc., while, every year and every day I am creeping out of the world in my own way.'³ Mrs. FitzGerald not infrequently visited Wood-

¹ Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne.

² Unpublished.

³ Unpublished letter of FitzGerald's.

bridge, where she stayed with Dr. Jones, but FitzGerald rarely saw her, and they never exchanged even a greeting. Although Mrs. FitzGerald regretted the separation, and at first felt it poignantly, she by and by became cheerful and lived happily. In a letter written about this time (June 1865) from 3 Chichester Place, Brighton, she dwells on the recollections of her youth and Mrs. Biddell's literary salon at Playford. She speaks of a lovely poem in her possession, called 'The Old Foundry,'¹ by Mrs. Biddell herself, and refers to another poem by the same lady—'Some Lines written on the Park of Christchurch'² Ipswich; and praises the poems of the Pocket Book era by the Rev. John Mitford, Miss Charlesworth (Mrs. Cowell), and Mrs. Fulcher. In short, whilst disclaiming the name of a poet herself, she continued to take an interest in literature, and in verse in particular.

Soon after purchasing 'Little Grange,' FitzGerald put it into the hands of Mr. Dove, a Woodbridge builder—'Noah's Dove'—and began transformations; ^{124. The} but after he had altered two old rooms and was ^{Comic} about to build two new ones, the lawyers ^{Builders.} discovered that what had been sold to him for ^{'Noah's} ^{Dove.'} freehold was copyhold. Hence there was some delay, and nothing more had been done by 15th February 1865. In an unpublished letter of that date he says: 'I don't think I shall ever go to live or die there, but it has been a little pleasure to me to drain and otherwise improve my five or six acres, not only for the improvement sake, but because it gives employment. Even now I have six men filling up a ditch, etc., who would else have been out of work. It is better than buying a picture of some old Jew, is it not?'³

¹ 'Twelve stanzas of great beauty and tenderness,' says Mrs. FitzGerald. They were sent by Mrs. Biddell to Bernard Barton.

² *Old Suffolk Garland*, p. 228.

³ Unpublished letter to Mrs. W. K. Browne.

No wonder the alteration at Little Grange went on slowly. The whole affair bordered on the farcical or the burlesque, and the earnestness and astounding gravity of all concerned—Dove and his men and FitzGerald—added to the absurdity of the situation. FitzGerald could never get the place to his mind. After a piece of masonry—a wall, or what not—had been done, he would come on the scene and say, ‘I don’t like that,’ or ‘I think you’d better alter this.’ Dove would solemnly remonstrate, but FitzGerald was peremptory, and down it had to come. It was like Penelope’s web, except that the undoing, as well as the doing, was performed in the day-time. Finally ‘Noah’s Dove’ began to lose patience, but it was of no avail, and the comic building operations still went on without much advance being made. Ultimately FitzGerald seems to have come to some decision of mind on the matter, and he found it pleasant to see his little gables and chimneys mount into air and occupy a place in the landscape. ‘My house,’ says he, ‘will be well enough though in a bad situation, which of course I selected with that caution which finds out all mistakes too late.’

Some of FitzGerald’s letters at this time refer to the new Grammar School at Woodbridge, which had been erected with the funds of the Seckford Charity. The Harpur Schools at Bedford were taken as a model, and it was hoped that people of means would be induced to settle in the town.

One of FitzGerald’s great delights, as we have already hinted, was to reduce, by means of scissors and paste, 125. Cutting up Books. books that contained padding or material that did not interest him, and then to bind together the results. These he facetiously called his ‘works.’ In March 1862 he tore up twenty volumes of the *Gentleman’s Magazine* in order to get together the writings of the

Rev. John Mitford. In the spring of 1865 he proposes to abbreviate in his customary way, 'the wonderful and aggravating' *Clarissa Harlowe*, the salient and caricaturing glory of which, Lovelace and his wit, he cannot sufficiently praise. Then he reads and re-reads a new volume from two more men, a *novel* book, Bernard's *Recollections of the Stage*, and later he wants to condense and reprint Wesley's *Journal*. In August he is cruising about in his yacht with his brother Peter and visiting Ramsgate, Dover, and Calais. Murders continue to interest him; he indulges in a *Temple Companion* and he reads that and Newman's *Apologia* (curious mixture) together. He rejoices to hear that W. E. Thompson is made Master of Trinity, and writes 'in congratulation him in a sober way'—very vehement congratulations at their time of life being 'irrelevant on both sides.' Francis Duncan, the saturnine Rector of West Cumbria, comes to visit him; 'a hypochondriac man, nervous and restless, with a vast deal of *trouble* imminent.' Death rising like a wall against him whichever way he looks, he makes his will; he sails to the Isle of Wight and to Cromer, lives on board his 'little ship' at Lowestoft (August 1866), and looks forward with terror to the rigour of winter. But he had not to encounter one, at any rate, of the three giants of Mrs. Bloomfield—Winter, War, and Sickness.

In July 1865 Mrs. Browne is at Aberystwyth, and Fitzgerald writes to her from 11 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft, whither he had come in his 'little ship'; some of his nieces, his brother Peter, and Peter's ailing wife being there. 'I am very glad,' he says,¹ 'to have a letter from you. I think no one writes more to the purpose and continues to tell me of all that most needs telling

¹ Unpublished letter.

in the simplest, shortest, and therefore the best words. My new house goes on building, and I believe I cut a good tea-caddy full of hay from my meadow, and I have some ducks and some hens, but I don't believe I shall ever live at the place'; and, by the way it progressed, it seemed then that nobody ever would. In August 1865 FitzGerald lost his friend, 'le petit Churchyard,' who is buried at Melton. Alfred Tennyson is living among the pines at Grayshott on Hindhead, smoking tobacco out of a jar big enough for an ancestral urn, and transfusing *Gareth and Lynette* with the glamour and beauty of the Hindhead pine-forests; and Carlyle in his house at Cheyne Walk is finishing the *Frederick*.

In 1862 FitzGerald was busy making a free translation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the 'most impudent' thing he had hitherto done. It was meant, not for scholars, but 'for Mrs. Kemble,' and any others who might be unacquainted with the original; and, as he could not himself read or expect others to read a long ms., he had it printed 'by a cheap friend,' and issued it without name of author, title-page, or imprint, in a staring ultramarine paper cover, similar to that in which sugar is sold.

The *Agamemnon* is the first of a trilogy, or three plays relating to the same subject, the other two being the *Choëphori* and the *Furies*. In the first we have the murder of Agamemnon, in the second its avenging by Agamemnon's son, Orestes, and in the third the torments of the avenger. The story of the *Agamemnon* is not less simple than terrible. Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, had, in order to appease Artemis and 'to lull a peevish wind of Thrace,' offered up in sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia. After the sack of Troy, Agamemnon returned in triumph to his capital

126. He trans-
lates the
'Agamemnon.'
First Edition,
1865.

Mycenæ, where he was welcomed effusively by his wife Clytemnestra. She would have had the streets carpeted. To this, however, he demurred—

'Address me not, address me not, I say,
With dusk adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian despot from his slave ;
Nor with invidious purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a god.'

Among the captives is Cassandra, daughter of Priam, who, in the most vivid scene in the play, prophesies, though to dull ears, Agamemnon's murder—which, by the hands of Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus, presently takes place. Unspeakably callous and fiendish is the speech of Clytemnestra, who refers to the deed as one might to the slaughter of an ox—

'I smote him, and he bellowed ; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way.'

FitzGerald's translation is compact and forcible, and abounds in striking and picturesque phrases : 'the light coinage of a woman's brain' ; the 'marble mute colossi' of Menelaus's palace ; 'the ravin sea' which distressed the ships of the Greeks ; the 'tickle base of fortune' on which the monument of human glory stands ; the remains of the hero—an empty helmet, a sword, and a shield, 'and some light ashes in a little urn' ; the pent tempest breaking into lightning ; the declaration of Heaven's impartiality—

'And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main :
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain.'

Here and there, in the passages, for example, beginning 'The robber blinded,' and 'Call not on Death,'

we recognise spurtles from Omar Khayyam. In 1876 when Mr. Quaritch asked, and was granted, permission to reprint FitzGerald's *Agamemnon*, FitzGerald commented modestly: 'Quaritch will print it so pretentiously that it looks as if one thought it very precious.' Having finished the *Agamemnon*, he turned his attention first to the *Choëphori*, which he never finished, and afterwards to the two *Œdipuses* of Sophocles—a subject with which we shall deal later.

In March 1866 the Rev. George Crabbe, who was delicate and feared consumption, had to leave his parish for the south of Europe, and FitzGerald comments: 'I am quite sure I don't covet long life. Slow death is all I am terrified at. But it is worse than useless to talk of such things.'¹ We next hear of him inviting his afflicted niece, Elizabeth Kerrich, a victim to epilepsy—'There,' he interpolates, 'is tragedy indeed!'—to come with her maid and spend part of the summer at Little Grange. He himself remained at the gunsmith's, and in April he is at Lowestoft, going out with his 'good Fletcher' (Posh) and strolling through St. Margaret's churchyard, where he observes how very many of the tombstones announce 'the lease of life expired,' at about the date he had just reached (fifty-seven).

In July 1866 FitzGerald's notepaper was in mourning for the wife of his brother Peter, 'as good a woman,' he writes (July 29),² 'who ever lived, and one whom I miss more than any one of my family except Mrs. Kerrich. She was a very devout Catholic, and I have now before me on the table the little, well-used missal she used for twenty-five years, and this being Sunday, I have read in it, and can very well believe that she who acted up to what

127. Death of
Mrs. Peter
FitzGerald.

¹ Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne.

² *Ibid.*

she read there may be as safe in another world as any of us Protestants, who are most bitter in denouncing it.' Owing to the influence of his wife, Peter had himself become a Roman Catholic. FitzGerald goes on to speak of the acceptableness of Mrs. Browne's letters. 'I really know nobody whose letters are more to the point, telling me just what one wants to hear and nothing superfluous, in the most natural and yet correct manner. You know I am not given to compliment, nor if I were, is it needed between us at this time of day.' Then follows some excellent advice regarding her sons. She is not to mind Elliott's being a 'first-rate' scholar. 'Make him, if you can, choose a profession and stick to it. I can vouch with all the rest whom I have known like myself, that there is no happiness but with some settled plan of *action* before one. Gerald seems to grow up all that his father, who never mistook anybody, young or old, foresaw. He said, "That child could be a boxer."¹ He won't be that, but the same active energy urges him to a new and foreign field of action. I wish he could find it *at home* and stay there, for it is sad for England to lose her good blood. Are only those of us to remain who read, write, and dream?'

Now came news that his brother-in-law, Mr. De Soyres, had not only lost 'all his own little fortune,' but had endangered the income of Mrs. De Soyres. Consequently FitzGerald had to help him. Trouble followed with Dove—not now 'Noah's Dove,' but some baleful, noisome, ungainly fowl, with a long bill in its beak instead of an olive leaf. The building was finished, extraordinary to say, in March 1866—a good hundred years before (considering the rate of progress) lookers-on had expected. Then came this unspeakable bill,

¹ Mr. Gerald Browne entered the army.

'swelled to an amount far exceeding expectation'—'most impudent bill' for £1150; and FitzGerald 'spoke his mind freely' to the sender, telling him there was an overcharge of at least £250. The comedy was speedily transferred from Little Grange to the lawyer's office, and the bill was haggled over for about two years. A neighbour, Mr. Fosdyke, also a builder, happening to look round Little Grange, FitzGerald saluted him with 'Good morning, Mr. Fosdyke; you have come to look at the great unpaid, I suppose.' In the end, FitzGerald 'got the house arbitrated for,' and the bill was reduced by £120; but, adds FitzGerald, 'Dove will have lost £200 at least by law expenses and being out of his money two years, and *serve him right!*'¹ An unprejudiced person, however, whilst admitting that FitzGerald may have been overcharged, will sympathise just a little with the builder.

FitzGerald was also worried on account of the family troubles of his friend Donne, who 'was working himself dead for others,' a condition of affairs brightened by one piece of information—that the eldest son had 'at last got a living, Faversham in Kent.'

Now and again we hear of FitzGerald at Playford, with the Biddells, where he found sensible and unaffected people, and where there was—a great matter with him—no formal dinner. Of FitzGerald's disciples—disciples in the sense of being eager to learn from him—none honoured the master more than Anna Biddell and her brother Herman, or placed a higher value on his teaching. Herman Biddell was considerably above the medium height, one, indeed, of FitzGerald's Potsdam regiment of tall friends. Allen, Thackeray, Monkhouse, Tennyson, Biddell—Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia would have

¹ Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne.

kidnapped every one. To Biddell FitzGerald addressed many letters, and said of him and his sister Anna, that both were 'capital in heart and head.' 'The Biddells,' he used to say, 'are *all* good,' with much stress on the 'all.' 'You,' he writes to Herman, 'are often at Woodbridge, and being a man of war [he was in the volunteers] and sport, often also at my landlord's shop, . . . come and see me whenever you like. Oysters and ale, oh!' Mr. Biddell is still alive, and any one who, like myself, has had the pleasure of meeting him, will readily understand how his charm of manner and taste in literary matters could impress FitzGerald.

CHAPTER XVI

W. ALDIS WRIGHT

JULY 1866—DECEMBER 1867

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WITH his brother John, FitzGerald continued to get on excellently when those two and three-quarter miles were between them, but they never spent half an hour together without, to use Edward's expression, 'coming to loggerheads.' Though Edward was rarely at Boulge the brothers often met, for John was ubiquitous. 'No matter where I go,' Edward once said to Posh, 'I'm safe to fall in with my brother John.' John was constantly busy; now on his way to preach at some distant village, now to address an anti-Romanist meeting at Woodbridge or Ipswich, now to take the chair at a philosophical lecture—and when he

¹ These contributions to the *East Anglian* were subsequently issued in pamphlet form; No. 1 in a blue wrapper (1869), No. 2 in a pink wrapper (1870).

took the chair, he took everything : there was no chance for anybody else to get in a word. He forgot all about the unlucky lecturer, and, spite of his 'sissing,' occupied practically the whole of the evening himself. If he was to preach anywhere, the chapel or other building was sure to be crowded to the doors. Though an earnest and an excellent preacher, a stranger would have regarded his actions with unqualified amazement. If a great pulpit Bible happened to be at the desk, he would pick it up, descend solemnly the rostrum steps, and place it in the vestry. At Melton Primitive Methodist Chapel he used to take out his purse and give it to one Thomas Goldsmith to hold. It was indeed no uncommon event for him to give his watch to one person, his purse to another, his handkerchief to a third, his keys to a fourth. He would even remove a boot—indeed, there was no conjecturing what he might not strip himself of. And when the sermon was over he solemnly collected his effects. At Bredfield Mission Chapel the reading-desk stood on a table, and was provided with movable candlesticks. The room being packed, and pegs being few, wraps, etc., were sometimes placed on the platform ; and more than once John FitzGerald commenced the service by stepping on some good man's hat, crushing it with his weight of seventeen stone out of recognition ; whilst he often strengthened his arguments and damaged the Sunday coats in the front row by taking up the candlesticks, moving them hither and thither, and otherwise manipulating them, with a resultant flow of grease. He was as original out of the pulpit as in it, and he had a habit of driving to places in his carriage, and returning in a hired vehicle, sometimes being only a few minutes behind his own equipage. More than once he arrahged his visits to Edward, at Woodbridge, on this principle.

There was a clock in every room at Boulge, but when John FitzGerald wished to know the time he would ring for his valet Swaine—even if it was midnight—and ask him : this, of course, to save himself the trouble of raising his eyes. When such stories drifted to Edward his comment was, ‘We FitzGeralds are all mad, but John is the maddest of the family, for he does not know it.’ John was often gloomy and irritable, yet he had a keen sense of humour, and when he was in his gay moods none could be more jocose. Still, and owing much to family troubles, he was mainly gloomy, saturnine, and morbid, delighting to hide himself in the dense shadows of the trees that darkened his home. Between the brothers there was this difference : while both were naturally inclined to look at the gloomier side of life, the one surrounded himself as far as possible with everything bright and cheerful—flowers, pleasant pictures, gay colours ; whilst the other made the gloom gloomier by turning his house into a cloister.

Among the members of the household at Boulge was a blind lady, Miss Sarah Thornton, whom John FitzGerald had first met (she was then but fourteen) when he was on a visit to Lady Olivia Sparrow at Brampton Park, near Huntingdon. Miss Thornton played the harmonium at Boulge Hall, and took lessons on the organ at St. Mary’s, Woodbridge. During her lesson Edward FitzGerald would frequently steal softly into the church to listen, and would whisper to her instructor, ‘Don’t tell her, else she ’ll stop playing.’

To John she became a sort of parochial right hand, assisting him in all his labours among the tenantry around Boulge. Frequently they were to be seen driving out heaped almost to the eyes with parcels of tea, sugar, and clothing for the poor. FitzGerald regarded Miss

Thornton with scarcely less kindness than John, and she was always treated as one of the family. If the brothers discussed private matters in her presence, as sometimes happened, and she rose to go, John would invariably say, 'Sit down, child, we have no secrets from you.' Both of them usually addressed her as 'my dear,' and Edward would often rally her on the acerbity of John's humour. He once said to her, 'Well, my dear, how is John? Is he in any better temper?'

'I don't know whom you mean by John,' she replied.

'It's time you did,' said FitzGerald. On another occasion he put his head into the brougham and said, 'My dear, I can't think how you can put up with my brother John.'

'Mr. John,' replied Miss Thornton, 'is very kind to me.'

If, however, Edward himself reflected upon his brother, he would let no one else do it. Once in a shop at Woodbridge he overheard a lady speaking to another lady of John's eccentricities. Turning round he said quietly, but sternly, 'He is my brother, madam.' Moreover, he would not admit equality with his brother, even in looks. 'Excuse me,' said the late Mr. Holmes White¹ to him, 'but you are so like your brother.'

'My brother,' was the reply, 'is tall, I am short; my brother is a handsome man, I make faces.'²

As a matter of fact, the difference in height was considerable, though John had the advantage, and was much the bigger man with his seventeen stone.

Both men were outspoken in their criticism of each other. John, who kept a fine establishment (he had twelve servants in the house), drove good horses, and

¹ Who purchased Boulge Hall after the death of John FitzGerald.

² This anecdote was told me by Miss White.

dressed well, disapproved of the gunsmith's, and observed that Edward looked as if he had bought his clothes in Petticoat Lane. Edward, on his side, made incisive remarks respecting John's narrow evangelicalism. He considered, however, that in the matter of bungling they were on a par, and very like their father. Hearing once of some extraordinary action of John's, Edward said, 'The difference between John and me is this: John goes and does things that he knows nothing about—the most unheard-of things—and thinks he's perfectly right; while if I want to do anything I go to some one who understands and get advice, which, as a rule, to my misfortune, I don't follow.' The humanity of both brothers was very conspicuous. Anything in the way of cruelty or even harshness they abhorred. John FitzGerald's poetical tribute to Dr. J. Kirkman upon his retirement from the governorship of Melton Asylum would alone be sufficient to indicate the depth of his feeling on such subjects. He calls Kirkman 'Friend of the Desolate' on account of his merciful treatment of the sufferers under his charge, and his attempt to soothe their sorrows by telling them of the love for them of the 'Man of Sorrows.' Asylums, he declared, were intended to be Bethlehems dispensing 'the bread of life,' not Bedlams aggravating the evil they were built to cure; and he observed that, 'Never did the Saviour stand more bright to mortal eye in tenderness' than when he restored the raving Gadarene. John's gift, however, was oratory rather than authorship, and he did not show to advantage as a poet. Still he was an adept at the striking and picturesque phrase—startling us, for example, in the lines referred to, by speaking of the patients interred in the asylum graveyard as the 'insane dead.'

The friendship of FitzGerald for Joseph Fletcher, or Posh, deepened daily, and the pair might be very fre-

quently seen together at Lowestoft—smoking a pipe on the bowling-green of the old Suffolk, sauntering on the beach, or boating. FitzGerald took it into his head to build for his friend a herring lugger, which was at first intended as a present, though FitzGerald, persuaded by Lowestoft advisers, finally resolved to retain an interest

129. The
Herring
Lugger
'Meum and
Tuum,'
January 1867.

in it. 'Unless for your good,' writes FitzGerald, in an unpublished letter to Posh, 'I should never have taken up the herring fishery'; and to Mrs. Browne (18th September 1868) he says, 'I never made a scheme in my life that did prosper. Why then embark in one now? Why, really, out of regard to the captain whom I have now dragged into my unluck by way of proof of regard.'¹ The lugger being built at a cost of £360, an agreement was drawn up to the effect that Fletcher, who contributed the gear, was to have captain's pay and one-quarter—altered subsequently to one-half—of the profits. 'I tell him,' says FitzGerald, 'that I shan't trouble if all goes to the bottom except himself and his crew. So he may cheat me if he will, but it hurts me to write this even as a possibility.' As Fletcher was to be part owner of the vessel, FitzGerald gave it the name of *Meum and Tuum* (Mine and Thine)—'Mum and Tum' as the Lowestoft salts used to call it—written in gold letters on a scarlet ground at the stern. An excellent craft, it had a black hull and yellow beadings, and 'L.T.' (Lowestoft) and 244 (the registered number) on the mainsail. It was the custom in those days to form companies—scrunks—of five, six, or more fishing vessels, which in turn carried home all the fish, leaving the remaining vessels to continue the fishery. To one of these companies the *Meum and Tuum* attached itself, flying the company's flag (blue, with a square of

¹ Unpublished letter.

white in the middle), and a little barb of red and white—as may be seen in our illustration, which is taken from a wool-work picture made by a Lowestoft coastguardsman. Among Posh's regular customers was a stoutly-built red-faced old Jew named Levi, who kept the fish-shop near the bridge which was subsequently Mummery's; and whenever FitzGerald entered the shop the fishmonger used to ask after John FitzGerald: 'And how is the general, bless him?'

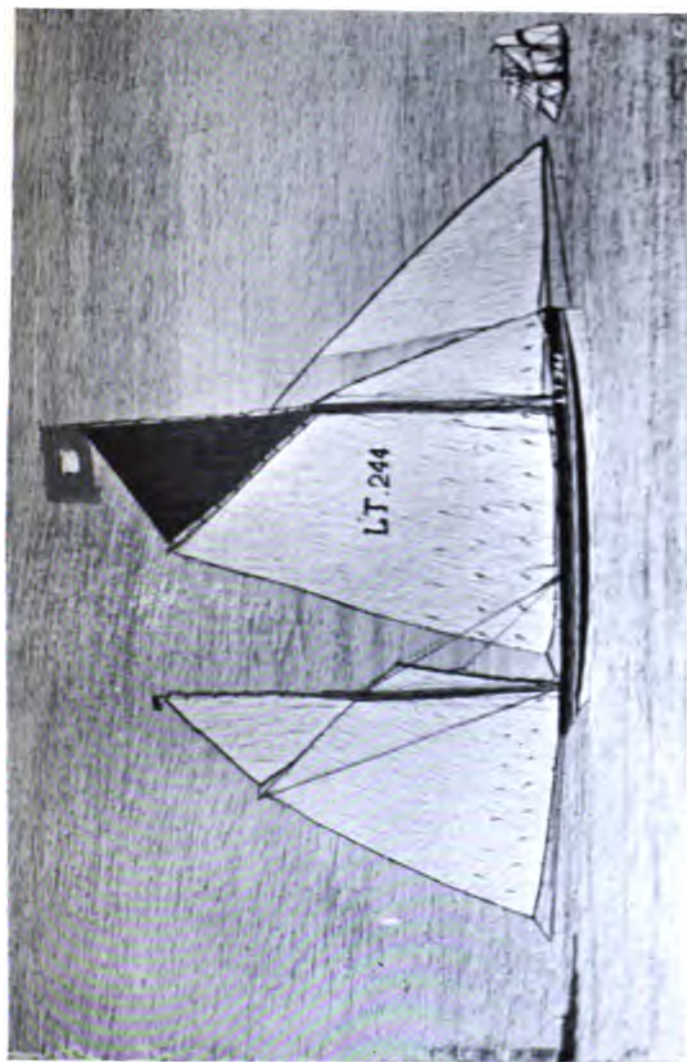
'How many times, Mr. Levi,' FitzGerald would say, 'must I tell you that my brother is not a general, and was never in the army?'

'Ah, well, it's my mistake, no doubt,' Levi would reply. 'But anyhow, bless him!'¹

The herring lugger returned in due course from its first voyage, but, the season having been a bad one, a settlement of accounts showed the balance on the wrong side. The captain looked grave—even sorrowful; but FitzGerald, who had never proposed gain, and whose admiration for his 'great man' increased daily, declared that he would rather lose money with him than gain it with others. The next year they made £450, but all went to pay bills, though (just for fun) FitzGerald did wish to realise £5. He got amusement out of the venture, but more anxiety—not on account of money, but on account of the lives of the captain and his crew of ten. At home by his snug fireside, surrounded by his books and pictures, FitzGerald would sit listening to the blowing of the 'Norland whirlwinds,' and thinking of the eleven tossed about on the cruel ocean.

In September 1866, when lying at Lowestoft in the Fish Market basin, FitzGerald's yacht was borne down upon and crushed by a huge continental steamer; fortunately,

¹ *Two Suffolk Friends.*



THE 'MEUM AND TUUM'

From a postcard picture in the possession of Mr. Fisher.

however, instead of being cracked like a walnut, as everybody had expected, the damage done was no more than carpenters working for a couple of days were able to repair. When FitzGerald asked whether the body of his 'little ship' had received mischief from the shock, Job's comforter, in the person of Captain Newson, observed, tipping his magpie head on one side: 'It can't have done her any good, be as it will.'

Referring (4th December 1866) to a visit to Posh, who, after a Sunday afternoon sleep, had risen 'like a giant refreshed,' and was about, in obedience to his little wife, 'to go and tidy his hair,' FitzGerald says: 'Oh! these are the people who somehow interest me; and if I were not now too far advanced on the road to forgetfulness, I should be sad that my own life had been such a wretched concern in comparison.' To all sailors, indeed, he softened—whether Lowestoft giants in sou'wester and tan jumper, 'up to anything in their own element,' but by no means 'wropped up in bullocks'; 'the roaring boys of Pakefield,'¹ notwithstanding the stigma attaching to them of having burned alive their one poor parson; the Southwolders 'great for the cock's eye';² or the Aldeburgh men, especially if they happened to be wearing new guernseys—making in the distance splashes of blue—not men then but kingfishers. Anybody for him—provided he was a sailor, even if he dropped his h's—a general weakness; 'poor, ignorant seamen!' as Dampier calls them—'a sort of man who, as Montaigne says, mainly understand one thing only, which is—their own business, and therefore won't do for members of parliament at all.'³ Many hours FitzGerald spent in Posh's company roaming

¹ Old rhyme.

² That is, quick to see a 'bright opening' in the sky.

³ FitzGerald's *Sea Words and Phrases*.

about round the harbour, on the Denes, or in the country. One place only was tabooed—South Lowestoft. Nobody and nothing could induce him to pass over the bridge and mingle with what he called ‘aristocratic gentility.’

In May he was asking his university acquaintances to vote for Cowell to fill the Chair of Sanskrit at Cambridge—declaring that of all his learned friends he had ‘known none of so unmistakable metal as Cowell,’ and that no man could be more competent to fill the office. The election took place in June, and, to FitzGerald’s joy, Cowell was successful. During most of the summer FitzGerald was ‘dodging about in his ship’ in company with ‘Don Quixote, Boccaccio, and Sophocles,’ and in October he left it in the sand to return to his Woodbridge fireside, where he read again *The Woman in White*, played at ‘Patience’—the game of cards—by himself ‘for an hour or two every night,’ and wrote to his friends, including Spedding, who, thrifty of time, ‘never would reply unless definite questions were asked.’ If away from Woodbridge, FitzGerald was always anxious to return—‘hurries home like a beaten dog.’ With all Woodbridge’s dullness, it was the only place endurable to him.

In 1867 Peter FitzGerald married his ‘cook-house-keeper,’ and settled at Cannes, ‘a sort of Paradise,’ where

he was ‘very well content with his Eve.’
 130. FitzGerald and his Eve. Comments FitzGerald: ‘I have no doubt that

“old Peter” in his blundering hurry has done far more wisely than *one*, at least, of his more self-sufficient brothers.’ In an unpublished letter of this date FitzGerald refers to his wife, and he adds: ‘She is a great adept at managing for everybody as well as for herself. She has now quitted Brighton, where she had set up as District Visitor, etc., and gone for the winter to Torquay;

and purposes herself to invade the Continent when summer comes. All this Miss Crabbe has told me, with whom Mrs. E. F. has been staying in the course of her progress. She was also here at lodgings for a month at Christmas, I am told.'

A letter¹ to Mrs. Browne, also written in 1867, affords a pleasant glimpse of FitzGerald's two captains, Posh and Newson. Of the former he says: 'I tell my man I shan't care a button if she [the lugger] goes to the bottom so long as he and his crew don't go down with her, and then, as

131. Fitz-
Gerald's two
captains, Posh
and Bassy.
Cremation.

I shall certainly never look at an account, I throw myself entirely on his honour, and I shall have lived near sixty years, looking at men's faces and studying their ways, to very little purpose if this man deceives me. *Me*, I say: he may live to let Interest overgrow Honour as I say is generally the case *with men* towards *fifty*; but he is now not quite thirty; I think his conscience will last my time! He has just been to see me here, and then *my other captain* of my little yacht came and took him off to *his* home. They went off like two boys in a little boat with a big sail and a huge block of beef and a gallon of stout. This yacht captain is turned fifty, and, though honourable in his dealings with me, has his *tricks*, which he has got to think quite right with others—professional tricks; and I say no profession, from a Bishop to a shoe-black, is without them. It *amuses* me to see these two captains together, their difference and yet their harmony, and to see the worship almost with which the elder, and by far the cleverer, acknowledges the youthful glory of the other.' A letter of 10th August 1867 contains a sarcastic reference to his sister Wilkinson. 'She lives,' he says, 'mostly at Florence, and fancies she is executing a mission there in

¹ Unpublished.

converting Papists, I believe. I suppose, as the Yorkshireman said, it amuses her and doesn't hurt them.' As we have seen, FitzGerald was an ardent advocate of cremation. 'What can be better,' he once said to Posh, 'than to have some of the ashes of your friend on your mantelpiece in an eyeable clean vial, well corked down ! Then when anybody comes in you can say, "That's a part of my dear friend !"' 'He was wonderful strong on that point,' observes Posh. The method of disposal next best to cremation was, in FitzGerald's opinion, burial at sea—in 'sheer water'—where there were no worms. Once when he, Newson, Newson's nephew (Jack), and Posh—his merry men, as he called them—were sailing in the *Scandal* near Lowestoft, he amused himself by imagining—something after the manner of Dean Swift—how his companions would comport themselves after his death. 'Let us suppose,' said he, 'that I am dead. We are far from land, and, in obedience to my orders, you prepare to lower me into the sea. As I am going down you'll speak as follows :—

'NEWSON (*with head on one side, and in gruff voice proceeding through his nose*). "He worn't a bad sort of old chap, the governor !"

'JACK (*shrilly*). "We shall all on us miss him ; but we've done as he bade us and fixed summat to sink him."

'POSH (*in tears, and with a face as long as a hatchet*). "Poor governor ; he was very good to me ! He's in sheer water according to his orders—not thick water—next best to cremation."'

'He was a wonderful man,' commented Posh, 'about being buried at sea.'¹

When out in his yacht, as elsewhere, FitzGerald

¹ These anecdotes were told me by Posh.

delighted to dispense with servants. 'Oh,' he would say, over and over again, 'if people only understood the nobility of helping themselves!' Whilst telling Mr. Alfred Smith about a trip up one of the Suffolk estuaries, he happened to remark that they saw some old women going to a farmhouse with pitchers for milk, and that made him and Newson and Posh feel thirsty: so, he added, 'We also got some milk.'

'I suppose Posh or Newson fetched it for you?' said Mr. Smith.

'Oh, no,' replied FitzGerald; 'I took the pitcher myself and went to the back-door along with the other old women.' To include himself among 'old women,' 'elderly ladies,' and 'dowagers,' was, as we before noted, a favourite pleasantry.

He continued to spend much of his time on the *Somali*: and one day, when quietly reading on deck, the boom from time to time swung perilously near him, and Newson suddenly shouted to him, 'If you don't look out, the boom will catch you!' FitzGerald, however, took no notice, and presently, sure enough, the boom swung round and knocked him clean overboard, book and all. Down he went, but presently, in Newson's words, 'came up again, book in hand.' He had evidently got to an interesting passage and, being absorbed, booms were nothing to him. When rescued by Newson and hauled on board again, he said grimly, 'Better by half have let me alone.' On another occasion he fell overboard in Lowestoft harbour, when Newson again rescued him. 'Thank you,' he cried, after getting safely on deck, 'I didn't want to be drowned in that dirty water.'

A letter to Mr. Spalding (5th January 1867) contains the following reference to Posh: 'I believe I have smoked my pipe every evening but one with Posh at his house,

which his quiet little wife keeps tidy and pleasant. The man is, I do think, of royal nature. I have told him he is liable to one danger (the hare with many friends), so many wanting him *to drink*. He says, it's quite true, and that he is often obliged to run away: as I believe he does: for his house shows all temperance and order.' To Posh, indeed, FitzGerald's letters abound with allusions, and we see the fine sailor in all manner of circumstances: now with his hands 'of a fine mahogany from Stockholm tar,' now busy improving the lugger with a pot of white paint (some of which was on his face), now 'sitting, like Abraham, in his tent—like an apostle, mending his nets,' now at his ale with Newson at the Suffolk. Once at the Suffolk he got 'his frill out,' because Newson thought the men of Lowestoft were not so good as those of Felixstowe, whilst FitzGerald, who sat by, gently fomented 'the quarrel,' which, indeed, wasn't a quarrel, or he would not have done so. 'Oh! 'tis a pleasant time,' cries FitzGerald; then, like a verse in Ecclesiastes, 'but it passes, passes.' The following extract from an unpublished letter, written about this time to Posh, is very characteristic of FitzGerald: 'When I last left Lowestoft I happened to mention in a letter to a lady about the poor Southwold widow and her twins. The lady got this so into her head that she dreamed about it, and would not rest until she sent the widow some help. I told her she had enough to do amid her own people, but being a woman she is of course very obstinate; and has this day sent me a Post Office order for three pounds. Now, Poshy, you must ask and learn what is the best way of giving this money, and the sooner you learn the better; else I shall catch it from this obstinate woman.'

In the company of Posh, FitzGerald could generally contrive to get rid of the gloomy thoughts which recollec-

tion of his unfortunate marriage so often produced, but not always. One day at Lowestoft he came upon him just as he was preparing to drive to Yarmouth ^{132. With Posh} 'in a new smart cart with a rug mare ^{at Yarmouth.} between the shafts.' FitzGerald suddenly made up his mind to go too. On arriving at their destination they dined at an hotel, sauntered about the town, and visited St. Nicholas' church. On their way back, passing through Gorleston, FitzGerald said to Posh, 'I want you to turn down here,' pointing to a street. 'I want to go and see the house where I lived with my wife.' When they reached the spot, he cried 'Stop!' and then sorrowfully, 'Ah! ah! Posh, had you but come to me at Lowestoft *then*! If I had only known you at the time I used to wander on those hills—unhappy!' and he pointed to the uplands to the west of Gorleston. 'Her ways were not my ways, and we parted. Drive on, there's a good fellow!'

When they reached Lowestoft, and were free of the 'rug mare' and the 'smart cart,' they walked as they had so often done on the beach. The full moon was in its glory, and the scintillating splendour of the 'moonway'—that supreme sight of the East Anglian coast—broke towards them in a myriad silver stars. The sea 'spoke to them in its hoarse voice.' FitzGerald walked in silence. His heart was too full for words. On another occasion, at Little Grange, FitzGerald remarked to Posh, 'They tell us that my wife is staying with Dr. Jones'; and later in the day, as they were walking through Woodbridge 'Thoroughfare,' a lady approached them taking off her glove. FitzGerald said in an undertone, with tremor, 'It's my wife,' and, removing his glove, he advanced to meet her. He put out his hand, and their finger-tips had all but touched, when he turned round

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suddenly and, seizing the sailor's guernsey, said, 'Come along, Posh,' and they walked silently away.

On 5th May 1867 there died suddenly at Lowestoft a local celebrity named John Hargreaves, sergeant in the Royal Artillery, and for five years drill-instructor to the Lowestoft artillery volunteers. He had served with great distinction in the Crimea, and at Inkerman was the last man to leave his gun when his battery was stormed by the Russians. His tomb is easily distinguished in St. Margaret's churchyard, having a captured cannon on it. FitzGerald, who knew Hargreaves, was much struck with the incidents of his career, and hearing that some verses had been written about them, he asked Posh to send him a copy. They are by a local poet,¹ and the first verse runs—

'John Hargreaves was of Lancashire,
Of humble parents he,
He chose a soldier's life for him,
And fought in battles three.'

Meanwhile there had been trouble at Boulge—and particulars drifted from time to time to Edward over his gunpowder. Handsome Mr. Shribb Reynolds, who had died, was succeeded, to the disgust and mortification of John FitzGerald—that staunch and doughty champion of Protestantism—by an ultra-Ritualist, the Rev. F. Joplin.² Instead of parson and clerk, evangelically if monotonously, working steadily through the service like two men in a saw-pit, there was now the other extreme—'ornate ritual, puerile dressing-up of the churches of Boulge and Debach, incense, candles, images, sermons on the importance of confession, the danger of studying the Scriptures, and the hope of reunion with the Roman Church.' The

^{133.} *Anecdotes of Edward and his brother John.*

¹ C. W. M.

² Rector from 1867 to 1885.

weathercock had veered completely to the opposite point. Though he had never loved the saw-pit method either (his evangelicalism being of the militant and aggressive order), John was beside himself with indignation, and seeing no method of circumventing the Ritualistic clergyman, decided to build a chapel on the Debach road, preach in it himself, and leave the church altogether. Like Edward, though in a less degree, John was a hero-worshipper. His first hero had been the Rev. T. R. Matthews, and his last was William Marjoram, the Boulge carpenter, a straightforward, trustworthy man, who was for years his right hand. Marjoram gave a price for the building of the chapel—£68. After it was erected John FitzGerald sent for him, and said, 'What was the contract, friend?' (it was his habit to call everybody 'friend'). '£68,' replied Marjoram. 'Have you not made a mistake?' said John. 'Surely it was £78.' Marjoram, however, stoutly but respectfully maintained that the sum he mentioned was the correct one. 'Well, friend,' said John, 'probably you are right.' Of course, he knew all the time that £68 was the price. John delighted to lay traps for people. Edward merely put people on probation.

In contrariness the brothers were a perfect pair. Between the Hall grounds and the church is a small gate. One day, when John and Marjoram entered the churchyard, Marjoram, who was behind, left the gate open.

'So you leave the gate open,' cried John. 'That's how stock get out of one place into another!'

On their return Marjoram was careful to shut the gate.

'You needn't have shut that gate,' cried John sharply. 'I'm going back directly.'

If he was out driving, the probability is that sooner or

later he would say to the coachman, 'Can't you go faster? This snail's pace won't do.' And if the pace were quickened he would cry, 'Do you mean to break our necks?'

As a parallel to this anecdote we may place the following of Edward. A sailor named John Green, whom Edward often patronised at Aldeburgh, told me that it was most difficult to be right with him. 'Once,' says Green, 'I showed myself very attentive, helping him to do this and that without orders. But he pulled me up with, "I suppose you think you've got the Prince of Wales here!" Next time he came I was naturally less forward, and then he said, "I suppose I'm not worth waiting on." So you didn't know what to do,' added Green. Though Edward did not notice his own contrariness, that of his brother was a constant source of amusement to him. If a letter arrived from John to the effect that it was absolutely impossible for him to leave home that day, Edward would take it for granted that his brother would be present in an hour or two without fail—a surmise that was generally correct.

One day when Edward and Posh were sitting chatting together in the room over Mr. Berry's shop, the servant came to the door and announced 'Mr. John.'

'Ask him up,' cried Edward.

John came up in a state of extraordinary excitement. The impediment in his speech was always a trouble to him, but that day he had unusual difficulty in getting out what he wanted to say; indeed, it seemed as if he never would be able to explain himself. It was the story of a shipwreck. 'Vessel derelict—crew, who had tried to escape in the boats, all gone down—think of their poor wives—and children—and we with every comfort around us. Sad, sad case.' Edward was no less distressed than

his brother, and when John had calmed a little they fell to discussing the best means of rendering assistance—Posh being from time to time consulted. The outcome of this particular consultation is not known, but it is certain that on similar occasions the brothers gave lavishly.

A conscientious man had nothing to fear from John FitzGerald, but those who were not conscientious often fell into the traps he baited for them. One anecdote must suffice. It was a Sunday morning, and John FitzGerald sent to Garnham, the Woodbridge jobmaster, and ordered a groom to drive him to Ipswich. The man, who did not want to go, tried to persuade Mr. FitzGerald that the glass was falling. Go, however, he had to. When they got there John said, 'I'm sorry, friend, that you were disappointed at not being able to attend a place of worship this morning' (the man certainly was not disappointed on that account), 'but you shall not be deprived of the enjoyment this evening. I will stay in the town till after the hour of service. You would like to go?'

'Oh, yes, sir.'

'Well, there's a very good chapel in Dairy Lane. Go there, and when you come back tell me all about the service.'

'Yes, sir; thank you, sir.'

The unfortunate fellow, however, got among a number of boon companions, and, thanks to their glasses, forgot all about his promise. When he remembered it, it was hard upon time for the people to be coming out.

'Here's a scrape I'm in,' said he. 'The old boy will be sure to ply me with questions. Who preaches at this chapel?' They told him the Rev. Thomas Poock. Off he ran, and got there just as the people were coming out.

Button-holing somebody, he asked the text and particulars of the sermon ; and, thus primed, strode off complacently to the hotel to meet his master.

‘ Well, friend, did you go and hear the dear man ? ’

‘ Oh, yes, sir, ’ cried the groom with beaming eyes.

‘ Did you enjoy the discourse ? ’

‘ Very much, sir, ’ touching his forelock.

‘ And the text ? ’

‘ So and so. ’

‘ And the sermon was about ? ’

‘ So and so, and so and so. ’

‘ Quite right ! What a blessing it is to have a retentive memory ! And who might be the gentleman you heard ? ’

‘ Well, sir, I didn’t know him, for I’m a stranger at Ipswich ; but they tell me his name is Pooock—the Rev. Thomas Pooock. ’

‘ How very extraordinary ! ’ remarked FitzGerald blandly. ‘ That poor, dear man is at the point of death, and I came over to take the service for him. ’

Notwithstanding Edward’s declaration to the contrary, there was a good deal of pride of family in both John and Edward. This is not said in any way of blame. They were unconsciously proud. ‘ The old Adam—that fourth Earl of Kildare ’—was not entirely driven out of them. John imagined that his pride had been neutralised by religion, Edward his by philosophy. There was, however, a very noticeable residue in each. John was ‘ friend, ’ ‘ brother, ’ and ‘ brother in Jesus Christ ’ to the missionaries who preached for him, and he entertained them at Boulge Hall. But he was high towards those who had not been to a university ; would not allow them to sit at table with him ; and in saying ‘ Good-bye ’ to them gave no more than two fingers. Edward estimated

at their proper worth honours, titles, and wealth. He loved the company of fishermen, and destroyed the balance at his bank to help a struggling Woodbridge tradesman. Further, he is responsible for the saying that the real aristocracy of the land are the true and noble-hearted men in it. But if a neighbour who had not been introduced to him happened to say, in passing, 'Good morning, Mr. FitzGerald,' he would exclaim rudely, 'I don't know you!' Like other mortals, indeed, FitzGerald had his faults. His reply, for instance, to the Rector of Woodbridge—the Rev. Thomas W. Mellor—who once called on him, can be related more easily than it can be defended. 'I am sorry, Mr. FitzGerald,' said Mr. Mellor, 'that I never see you at church.' 'Sir,' said FitzGerald, 'you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much on these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully. You need not repeat this visit.'

Two more generous men than John and Edward, Nature never produced. To the liberality of both, these pages testify, and they did their kindnesses by stealth. But for the gratitude of the recipients, nobody would have been the wiser. It is true that John's eccentricities got him the name in some circles of being a niggard. 'He went the other day,' says Edward of him, 'into an hotel and called for a fire, and when they charged him sixpence he grumbled. Just like John!' But he gave thousands away unasked.

Of Spain's one book, the ever fresh and ever delightful *Don Quixote*, which he read in the original, FitzGerald never tired; and he loved the very dictionary ^{134.} 'Don Quixote.' in which he had to look out the words. 'The book,' he says, 'really seemed to me the most delightful of all books. Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of

miles behind.' *Don Quixote*, he held, would not do in English. Yet what pleasure Englishmen have derived even from Motteux's poor version. When yachting FitzGerald always took care to have his favourite book for a companion. The only part that offended him is that in which the Duke and Duchess hold Don Quixote up to derision. 'Read,' he tells Fanny Kemble, 'all of the second part, except the stupid stuff of the old duenna in the duke's palace.' In February 1874 he writes: 'I have taken up *Don Quixote* again: evergreen still'; and on 10th June 1876: 'Only a week ago I began my dear *Don Quixote* over again, as welcome and fresh as the flowers of May. The second part is my favourite . . . when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in love with the hero, whom he began by ridiculing.' A little later, and just as he had finished the reading last referred to, he indulges himself in Clemencin's edition (6 vols. 4to, 1833-39) chiefly for the sake of the notes. He fears Clemencin is too pedantic, and observes that Cervantes had some of the noble carelessness of Shakespeare and Scott, instancing the mistake about Sancho's stolen donkey. But a still more curious fact is Cervantes' forgetfulness of the name of Sancho's wife. He starts by calling her Theresa, later she is Juana, and later still Maria. In another letter FitzGerald calls *Don Quixote* "'siempre verde" if ever book was,' and after some other remarks exclaims ecstatically, 'but for human delight Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott!' In August 1879 he and Cowell were reading the second part of *Don Quixote* together, as they had read it together thirty years previous—the professor lighting up passages in a way that was all new to FitzGerald.

In December 1867 began the acquaintance of FitzGerald with Mr. W. Aldis Wright, the 'busy bursar' of Trinity

College, Cambridge. Dr. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity, had expressed a wish to have FitzGerald's works in Trinity College Library ; and FitzGerald on December 11th wrote to Mr. Wright promising to comply with the request, but at the same time, with customary modesty, deprecating the merits of what he chose to call his 'small escapades in print.' He also drew attention to several passages in Bacon which had been drawn from Montaigne, having learned that Mr. Wright was collecting instances of the kind. 'We are both,' he tells Mr. Wright, 'connected with the same town of Beccles, and may come together ; I hope so.' FitzGerald's anticipation was presently realised, and thus commenced their friendship. Mr. Wright was already (1867) widely known as a writer, having contributed to Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, 1863-66, and published an edition of Bacon's *Essays* in 1862, the Globe Edition of Shakespeare's complete works in 1864, and *The Bible Word Book* in 1866. He is also famous as the editor of the plays of Shakespeare in the Clarendon Press series. In England, indeed, not to have heard Mr. Aldis Wright's name is never to have been to school. His greatest service to the literary world, however, was to be the result of his friendship with FitzGerald—namely, the editing of his friend's works and letters. It is doubtful whether the public quite understand the immense debt they owe to him under this head. To Swinburne, Rossetti, Burton, and others whose words of praise drew the eyes of the English people to the subtle beauty of FitzGerald's rendering of Omar, all thoughtful men must be grateful ; but they must not be less grateful to Mr. Aldis Wright, who is not merely the editor but the discoverer of the epistolary FitzGerald. Struck by the sterling qualities of FitzGerald's letters, he

135. W. Aldis Wright.
FitzGerald as a letter-writer.

devoted himself to the task—and in this case a peculiarly difficult one—of collecting and editing them, and so placed before the world a letter-writer who transcends such recognised masters as Walpole, Pope, and Gray. At one bound FitzGerald came to his own. FitzGerald is, as a letter-writer, second only to Cowper. FitzGerald has less humour than Cowper, whose fun moreover is of a more buoyant kind. Cowper is skittish and playful, whilst FitzGerald is cynical with a tinge of sadness. Cowper has the advantage, too, if you consider only felicity of expression, and the gift of writing well about nothing—a task that all letter-writers have sometimes to perform. On the other hand, FitzGerald's letters exhibit a forcefulness that is not always present in Cowper, and FitzGerald was a better literary critic. Cowper is manly and noble, but FitzGerald is determined; he brushes off objection as if it were a fly. Still, if FitzGerald as a letter-writer occupies a lower plane than Cowper, it is owing, after all, not to these causes but to another. In FitzGerald's career there are no women—none, I mean, who were fibre and filter of his literary life. If you could take the influence of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Lady Hesketh out of Cowper's letters and poems half their fascination would be gone. These ladies brightened his life, gave him subjects to write about, and quickened the flow of his thoughts, whether in verse or epistolary prose. FitzGerald had women friends to whom he was sincerely attached—Caroline Crabbe, Mrs. W. K. Browne, Fanny Kemble, Miss Lynn, and 'the three Annies,' but not one had a feather's weight of influence upon him as a man of letters. Even Bernard Barton's daughter, whether as Lucy Barton or Mrs. FitzGerald, counted for absolutely nothing. The women of FitzGerald's letters—that is, the letters which have so far reached our hands—are to his readers shades

rather than creatures of flesh and blood. A sweetheart who refuses him, a wife with whom he cannot agree, nieces whom, living in the same house with him, he does not for days see, and who were, as far as one can judge, totally uninterested in his literary productions. Even Fanny Kemble he thought of more as a pleasant companion than a literary friend; with Mrs. Kerrich even, much as he loved her, there was no tie save that of kin. Mrs. Browne was but the widow of 'dear Stubby.' The only woman who figures in his poetry—Anne Allen—died young. None other did he ever mention in any poem that has seen the light. And there are no veiled references, except that to Miss Crabbe in *Bredfield Hall*.

Of course it is just possible that even now we do not know FitzGerald at his best. Other letters may be published which will give him an even prouder position, though this is unlikely. What sort of letters did he write to Caroline Crabbe? Apparently we shall never know.

It is indeed extraordinary that, without the woman, FitzGerald should manage to hold as a letter-writer so high a place in our affections. But this is not all; for, with the exception of those written to Mrs. Browne, the letters to men are far and away the better, as any one can see by comparing, for instance, those to Fanny Kemble with those to Cowell and F. Tennyson, to whom he writes 'saucily,' and therefore well. Another curious fact is that, despite the melancholy background of Cowper's life, his letters are, as a rule, more cheerful than those of FitzGerald, who was always more or less depressed by the recollection of the fleeting character of life; whilst Cowper when writing could, as a rule, throw his troubles behind him. The chief charm of FitzGerald's letters arises from

their accurate presentment of the man himself with his refined mind, genial habit, and warm heart, with all his whims, prejudices, hopes, fears, and regrets; though to one side of him—his charity, the good he was in the habit of doing in his circle, his lavish generosity—they do not refer. We feel all the time we are reading them that this was the man who gave us the deathless one hundred and one quatrains. The next charm is the vein of delightful literary criticism which, like golden lightning, zigzags through them. And it is curious to notice how, almost without demur, scholars have accepted his verdicts. There is a general tendency to regard his pronouncements on the authors who have stood at his bar as absolutely final. He even made dead men—or those as good as dead—return to life. More than one he has resuscitated. Where would Crabbe now be but for Fitzgerald? He said, 'Admire this author,' and men admire him; some of them, perhaps, making wry faces. He said, 'Newton's *Letters to a Wife* is a great book,' and people echo that it is a great book. He saw little worth in Tennyson's later poems, and it is more than the critic dare do to see anything better in them than *The Lady of Shalott*. He set up this idol and toppled down that. What a tyrant it is! And yet how pleasantly the business is all done. Just by way of pen-and-ink chat to friends with whom he could be effusive, and without even a passing thought that what he said would ever appear in print, or influence any man except his correspondent. We respect his literary verdicts because we know the greatness of the man's soul, and that when he speaks he is saying what he thinks without the slightest care about anybody. The last word of the last critic had no effect on him.

Then we like him, too, because of his candour in

respect to every one with whom he came into contact, and because he wears his heart on his sleeve. How he loved his friends! How the loss of them lacerated him! What pathos there is at such times in his silences—in the words he will not say! When Browne died, when he lost his sister Kerrich—indeed, in every case of bereavement, what do we find? A word or two of heartfelt sorrow, and then the subject is abruptly dismissed. Pages could not express more vividly the depth of his grief. We might dilate on other features of these letters—the frequent apophthegm, the happy phrase, his love of gossip about anything and everything relating to his friends the sailors, his contempt, partly affected, partly real, for the mere man of letters.

Just now we compared FitzGerald and Cowper as letter-writers, but in other respects there are interesting parallels between them. Not only were both distinguished poets and letter-writers, but FitzGerald, like Cowper, was a recluse, troubled with religious difficulties, living in a small country town, finding his chief delight in studying man and nature. True, in their religious difficulties there was a distinct difference. Cowper had no doubts about the evangelical creed, but thought that he alone was exempted from God's mercy; FitzGerald was 'a prisoner in Doubting Castle.' The religious difficulties of each were a puzzle to their friends. Newton could not imagine how it was that a man who endeavoured so earnestly to lead a correct life should live without hope for himself, and was constantly assuring his friend that the cloud would be removed. FitzGerald's case, that of a pure-living man constantly stretched on the rack, was to Thompson 'a great problem, not to be solved by the ordinary expedients, nor on this side the veil.' England, Cowper

136. Fitz-
Gerald and
Cowper:
a parallel.

believed, had seen her best days, and was drifting surely to ruin. 'Nations,' he says, 'as well as individuals, have their seasons of infancy, youth, and age; . . . ours in particular is affected with every symptom of decay, and is already sunk into a state of decrepitude.' This was on 31st January 1782. Eighty years later, in 1861, FitzGerald was writing, 'I am quite assured that this country is dying, as other countries die, as trees die, atop first.' Once only would FitzGerald vote. 'Don't write politics,' he said to F. Tennyson, 'I agree with you beforehand.' 'In case any one calls about my vote,' he said to his landlord, 'tell him that Mr. FitzGerald will not vote, advises every one else to do the same, and let the rotten old ship go to pieces by itself.' Cowper had no vote, and though he sympathised with Fox rather than with Pitt, congratulated himself that he had not. The very remarks that each made about his town have a likeness to each other. Cowper said there was never a lie hatched in Olney that waited long for a bearer; FitzGerald's reason for calling his yacht the *Scandal* has already been given. The curious may also notice that FitzGerald, like Cowper, was very fond of finishing his letters with some playful signature—though, it may be said, this was partly owing to his dislike of his name. In later years he affected 'Little Grange,' 'Laird of Little Grange,' and 'Edouard FitzGerald'; once he is 'The Great Twalmley,' in allusion to a passage in Boswell's *Johnson*. His letters to Posh generally finish with something of a nautical flavour. At the end of a letter to Tennyson, after objecting to the use of 'you' in place of 'thou' in *Queen Mary*, he signs himself 'Fitzcrochet,' and elsewhere he is 'Fitz-Dennis'—an allusion to the critic John Dennis, of captious memory. Such are a few of the parallels that force themselves upon our notice in studying the lives of Cowper

and FitzGerald, and it would be easy to point out other curious resemblances between the two greatest letter-writers of our country.

At the end of 1867 FitzGerald was at Lowestoft again (12 Marine Terrace), and in the new year he was busy abridging Richardson's *Clarissa*.

CHAPTER XVII

CHIEFLY 'POSH'

JANUARY 1868 TO DECEMBER 1873

Bibliography

29. *Salaman and Absal*, 2nd edition, 1871.
30. Omar Khayyam, 3rd edition, 1872.

IN 1868 FitzGerald issued a second edition of his Omar Khayyam, with thirty-five additional quatrains, making one hundred and ten in all. As before, Bernard Quaritch was the publisher, and John Childs and Sons were the printers. It will be remembered (chapter xiv.) that among his 'F.' contributions to the *East Anglian*, FitzGerald included some notes on 'The Vocabulary of the Sea Board.'¹ To this subject he again and again returned; indeed, he never lost an opportunity of setting down words and phrases picked up from his lugger captain, the boatmen of Lowestoft and Aldeburgh, and other great sea porcupines. At one time he meditated a glossary founded on the work of Forby, 'illustrated with Major Moor's delightful Suffolk humour,' and extended by the addition of the sea-talk that he had himself collected. This, however, like so many other of his projects, fell to the ground; but in 1868 and 1869 he sent a number of contributions on the subject, all signed

¹ July 1861.

E. F. G., to the *East Anglian*, telling the editor that they might amuse some of his readers, especially if used for 'some Christmas number, a season when even antiquaries grow young, scholars unbend, and grave men are content to let others trifle.' Subsequently they were issued in pamphlet form—the first in January 1869, the second in January 1870. I append a few examples from the first:—

'*Bark*.—The surf bark from the nor'ard. A poetical word, such as those whose business is with the sea are apt to use. Listening one night to the sea some way inland, a sailor said to me, "Yes, sir, the sea roar for the loss of the wind"; which a landsman properly interpreted as only meaning that the sea made itself heard when the wind had subsided.

'*Gong*.—"One half the stitches which form the aperture or mesh of a net," says Mr. Nall, who quotes A.S. *gong*, a step; and *gongel-wafre*, a spider.'

'*Heft*.—Anything, such as wreck or rock, that catches and holds the net fast under water.'

In the copy lent me by Miss Lynn,¹ FitzGerald had written as a footnote to this: 'So of some quick-tempered man I have heard. "He's a hefty little fellow."'

From the second we take—

'*Blind Sail*.—A sail that hangs so low as to blind the steersman to his course. "I don't know what figure of speech this is called, any more than why a nut without a kernel is called a blind nut. Nor why a sailor, after he had been up all night saving men's lives (and all 'for love') in the gale of Friday, February 13th, 1869, said to me the morning after: 'If the wind hadn't samped as it did, we should have had the shore blind with wrecks before dawn.'" —"Poor, ignorant seamen!"'

At the end are some philological notes furnished by Mr. Aldis Wright. As we said, many of the words and phrases in FitzGerald's list were furnished by Posh, who,

¹ See chapter xxi.

not being at all the simple fellow that FitzGerald fancied, but a man of considerable shrewdness, knew very well that he was being drawn upon. One night when the two were together Posh's pipe wanted a light, and FitzGerald gave him by accident a piece of the proof of *Suffolk Sea Phrases*. Before setting it alight he read a few lines—words taken from his own mouth—and FitzGerald in alarm said, 'Well, what's wrong?' 'I don't see but it's all right, sir,' replied Posh, who had the presence of mind to exhibit utter unconcern; and FitzGerald went away with the mistaken belief that no discovery had been made.

Like Théophile Gautier, FitzGerald loved the dictionary, which he would read through as if it were a novel. In his

138. Love copy of *A New Dictionary of the English*
for the *Language*, by Charles Richardson, LL.D.¹
Dictionary. (Bell and Daldy, 1858), he was in the habit

of inserting any uncommon words and phrases that came under his notice, or sentences illustrating the use of striking words already there. For example—

'*Hoit*.—To be in high spirits—"whence surely Hoiden"?''

'*Holybut*.—(Commonly written Halibut: but rightly pronounced in Suffolk.) "Well does he deserve his name, Helle flynder, Holy Flounder; an etymology which is nearly lost sight of in our English equivalent, Halibut."—Metcalf's *Oxonian in Iceland*.'

While Edward was studying Suffolk words and phrases his brother John was continuing his crusade against the Romanising clergy, and writing a series of letters to the *Ipswich Journal* on 'The Sovereign's Position towards a Protestant Established Church'—addressing them from Castle Irwell and signing himself

¹ Now in the possession of Mr. Vincent Redstone of Woodbridge, who has several other books that belonged to FitzGerald. I have to thank him for these notes.

'P. F. G. F. G. ;'¹ and he displayed his philanthropy by erecting a row of almshouses at Seaford (Sussex). Now occurred an event which, though it did not then seem likely to make much difference to FitzGerald, was to have important consequences—namely, the death of his landlady, Mrs. Berry. He thus tells the news to Posh : 'This morning at five Mrs. Berry has delivered herself from this troublesome world, where she would probably never have been well or easy again. And that is perhaps the best deliverance after all. I shall therefore move away from this house for a while ; either to my own or to Lowestoft.'²

John FitzGerald took as much interest in the sailors as did his brother Edward, though in a different way, and both brothers were very fond of visiting 'The Bethel,'³ a brick-and-flint mission-hall for seamen in Commercial Road, Lowestoft, which had been instituted by Sir Morton Peto. There was a rostrum with a table and a harmonium, and the wooden benches were always well filled with sailors in their guernseys, who chewed tobacco during prayers and even kept quids in their cheeks whilst they sang. The missionary, Mr. William Johnson, was a fine, tall, upright, noble-looking man. His wife—a cheerful snippet of a woman, as active in the work as her husband—was equally well known. 'She could not even go through the street without singing,' and was always ready to say a kind word to the sailors, to start tunes, and to engage in prayer. Though nobody could get Edward FitzGerald into a church, he was comfortable enough here in the company

¹ 24th February 1868, 16th April 1868, 16th May 1868, 12th May 1869. They were subsequently published as a pamphlet.

² Unpublished letter to Joseph Fletcher.

³ The present Bethel is in Battery Green Road.

of his Poshes, Dickymilks, and other honest tars. Once when one of the speakers was appealing for funds for the sailors, FitzGerald drew from his pocket a five-pound note, and put it beside him on the form so that it should be ready when the plate came round. But in his absence of mind he left the meeting before the speaker had finished—forgetting all about the bank-note which still lay on the form, but, as he subsequently heard, it reached safely its intended destination. Edward FitzGerald attended the Bethel as a listener—generally with the sailors Fletcher, Dickymilk, or Marjoram. His brother John attended as a preacher, though, we may be sure, Edward was never on a bench when he thought John would be on the rostrum. He had too much of his brother's polemics at home. John, who often gave the sailors a tea, always took with him the blind lady—Miss Thornton—to play the harmonium and sing solos, in the choruses of which the sailors used to join lustily. 'After such meetings,' observed Miss Thornton to me, 'Mr. FitzGerald and I could scarcely get away. I shall never forget how the sailors crowded round our carriage as we were about to drive off, all wanting to shake hands at once, and pulling at my sleeve and dress.'

'I shall not have a bit of my player left,' remonstrated John FitzGerald in delight.

'Dear, warm-hearted fellows!' added Miss Thornton. 'How he laughed as the carriage rolled away.'

FitzGerald was above the medium height, but at sixty, though still robust and nimble, had begun to stoop. His face, bronzed by exposure to sun and sea air, had a melancholy, pensive, or dreamy cast; he had pale blue eyes, bushy brows, a large nose, a deep upper lip, a firmly closed mouth, and a dimple in the chin. Save for a fringe of grey hair above the ears he

140. FitzGerald at Sixty.

was bald, and 'like all the FitzGeralds' he 'wagged his head as he walked.'¹ His appearance, as ever, was very slovenly. Abroad he wore a time-beaten tall hat, carried on the back of his head, a carelessly tied black silk scarf round his neck, and in cold weather a large green-and-black plaid-shawl, which often trailed on the ground. In younger days he was not averse to rings, but now the only ornament he allowed himself was a gold watch-chain with tiny links.² Like less gifted men he usually wore his boots on his feet, but in summer it was no uncommon event to meet him on the highroad, especially between Woodbridge and Saxmundham, carrying them slung over a stick on his shoulder, for he often walked bare-footed. If addressed he often replied querulously or impatiently. He was not only callous to public opinion, but at times went out of his way to 'affront it. To use Miss Thornton's words, said with a corrugated forehead and a very strong accent on the second syllable, 'he was *tremendously* eccentric.' He was extraordinarily impatient also. After returning from a row down the Deben, for example, he would never wait till the boat had reached the land, but would step out into the shallow water—sometimes wetting himself to the knees. Of his extreme courtesy and kindness to old women we have made mention; but he always felt compassion for, and was eager to assist, age and infirmity. Several old men were his pensioners. It was scarcely possible, he would say, to treat the aged with too much consideration; and, on a certain occasion, even Queen Victoria did not quite please him in this matter. It was in 1869, when Carlyle went to Court.

¹ Posh.

² It came to Mr. Alfred Smith, who was wearing it when I met him in Lowestoft in October 1902.

'So Carlyle's been to see the Queen,' he said to Alfred Smith.

'Yes,' said Mr. Smith; 'and almost his first word was, "Your Majesty, I must be seated."'

'The Queen ought to have asked him to sit down,' cried FitzGerald impatiently; 'an old man like him.'

Fuss, form, and affectation he abhorred. Once some one in his company talked much of titled acquaintances. All present were bored; but FitzGerald, rising from his seat, lighted a candle, passed out of the room, stood still, with the handle of the door in his hand, and then exclaimed slowly and sadly, 'I once knew a lord, too, but he is dead'¹—an announcement that was received with peals of laughter. His shyness in company was a never-ceasing inconvenience to him. He detested London life, and disliked Londoners. Wealth, rank, and 'what is called respectability,' he cared nothing for. A pipe with a friend in his den, or a chat with a fisherman on the sands, pleased him far better than the company of 'mere ladies and gentlemen.' When the Rev. C. B. Ratcliffe, vicar of St. John's, called at Little Grange, FitzGerald declined to see him, but sent word, 'If Mr. Ratcliffe wants money for the poor, and writes to me, he shall have it, but there must be no thanks.' Subsequently Mr. Ratcliffe received from FitzGerald several sums for this purpose. According to Miss Crabbe, he gave away hundreds of pounds to necessitous persons. Some ladies, however, who applied to him for a philanthropic object were not only refused, but were bidden to go home and mend their stockings.

In the spring of 1868 FitzGerald was troubled with deafness, and erysipelas in his face. The latter, however, he said, 'did me little more harm than affect my beauty, of which I can always afford to lose a portion.' In May,

¹ *Life of FitzGerald*, by John Glyde.

George Crabbe, who had been in Italy for his health, returned to England. FitzGerald, who had planned a visit to Miss Caroline Crabbe in Wiltshire, did not go; but Mrs. FitzGerald compensated for his absence by 'a very lengthy visitation.'¹ 'If ever I go anywhere again,' he writes, 'it must be to see Miss Crabbe.' Crabbe spent the following winter abroad, and visited Peter FitzGerald at Cannes. He reported that Peter's wife, 'the cook-housekeeper,' was 'quite ladylike from never trying to be so.' FitzGerald and Miss Crabbe continued to be great correspondents. Says he (15th January 1869), 'She is a true, unaffected, unambitious, very sensible, quite unselfish woman, whose advice I am glad to take by letter, now that I can't take it by word of mouth.' FitzGerald now began to feel the effects of his unwise habit of sitting up late at night to read. One eye was seriously, and, as it proved, permanently injured.

Posh was still FitzGerald's hero, and the two spent much time together. Of all sailing craft none fascinated FitzGerald more than a brig. To use Posh's ^{141. Friendship} words, 'He was wonderfully strong on ^{for Posh.} brigs.' If, when they were out in the yacht or a boat, a brig came near, he would say, 'Let us sail up to her and see the name'; and when the brig bowed gracefully on the water he would cry admiringly, 'Isn't she proud!'

When the *Meum and Tuum* went out FitzGerald frequently followed in the *Scandal* for as much as five or six miles. It was as though he could scarcely bear to have his 'great man' out of sight. In letters he addressed him as 'My dear Posh,' 'My old Stull,'² 'Master Skipper,' 'My dear old Swiper,'³ 'My good

¹ 18th September 1868.

² Stull, an extra large mackerel.—*Sea Words and Phrases.*

³ Swipe (sweep, I suppose), to swipe for lost anchors.—*Ibid.*

fellow' or 'Capn.'; and he signed himself, 'Your old Partner,' 'The Governor,' 'Edward Levi FitzGerald, Fish-merchant,'¹ or '*Meum and Tuum.*' At Woodbridge they would take sandwiches and go long walks together. When they came after a dusty tramp to some wayside inn, FitzGerald pulled his companion's guernsey and said, 'I think we've walked a pint, Posh.' Often they looked at 'gays' (picture-books) together, and played at dominoes and other games for halfpence—when FitzGerald would in fun accuse Posh of 'chousing' him. In almost everything that Posh did, and in all his surroundings, FitzGerald took a minute interest. He wants to know how a new chimney acts, how his father and his wife are; he is troubled if Posh has a cold; he bids him obey the doctor and not do as 'Jack Harris recommends,' which was probably an extra glass, or an extra dozen glasses. 'The woman at the Boat Inn says you coughed a great deal of a morning; I hope you take care of yourself.' He is interested in everything Posh buys—a dog, gear, a new cart²; and when Posh has a mare to sell, FitzGerald applies to Mr. Alfred Smith, who is asked to say where and how Posh had better look out for a purchaser. 'I shall be glad,' continues FitzGerald, 'to put him in the way of making the best of her, poor fellow.'³ To Posh this friendship was sometimes embarrassing. One day at Lowestoft, when it 'was blowing a strong wind,' FitzGerald suggested a walk on South Pier, where accordingly they went, FitzGerald lifting his feet high as he walked—a usual habit—which made people stare. By and by they found themselves looking at a boat on which were three or four smack boys. Whilst FitzGerald

¹ Alluding to Mr. Levi, the Jewish fish-merchant of Lowestoft.

² Unpublished letters to Joseph Fletcher (Posh).

³ Unpublished letter to Mr. Alfred Smith.

was standing a little distance away, a gentleman stepped towards Posh and asked some question about the wind and tide. Suddenly FitzGerald made up to them, and taking Posh by the guernsey pulled him away, saying to the stranger, 'This is *my* guest.' 'He made me,' commented Posh, 'look a complete cake.' So unusual, indeed, was FitzGerald's behaviour, that many Lowestoft people took him for a madman, and Posh for his keeper. FitzGerald sometimes called the *Meum and Tuum* 'the Cart-horse,' which, indeed, she seemed in comparison with the spruce and dainty *Scandal*. And once, sitting on his favourite seat at the Suffolk bowling-green, he told Posh how easily the *Scandal* would beat her.

'No, sir,' cried Posh, 'we should beat you.'

'You beat me! What, beat the governor?'

'Yes, easily.'

Next day the race took place, and the *Scandal* was left hopelessly behind.

FitzGerald never went out in his yacht on a Sunday, but once when some of his friends begged the use of it for a Sunday, he was weak enough to consent, though after they had gone he expressed much regret. On the appointed morning he was violently agitated. 'I don't like it at all,' he kept saying. 'I hope they won't come.' As they did not keep to their time he got cheerful again; but by and by, to his dismay, they were seen approaching. 'Oh, dear me!' he cried; 'but there, it must be now. I can't break my word.' His worst fears were almost realised. The sea was exceptionally rough, and Posh, who was of the party, observed: 'We broke the ropes, tore the sails, and I don't know what the deuce we didn't break.' 'Never more,' cried FitzGerald, 'will I lend my dear little ship on a Sunday.'

Though he still continued to live over the gunpowder,

FitzGerald was often at Little Grange amusing himself in the garden, and the patch of artificial heath (for he had planted heather and whin) at the back. When Mr. Herman Biddell's sisters proposed visiting Woodbridge, he wrote, 'If they don't mind being crossed by my amiable apparition in the garden while there they shall have all the house as a castle to themselves.'¹

FitzGerald's sympathy for others reveals itself whenever he writes. Thus, referring to the death of Mrs. Berry,² he says: 'Mr. Berry gradually recovers from his sorrow, which was sincere. No one could have done his duty better by an ailing wife several years older than himself.'

Ill-luck constantly dogged the lugger. It had taken another voyage—'voyage' as Posh puts it—and Fortune had been no more favourable than before.

142. Fitz-
Gerald falls
out with Posh.
Sale of the
'Meum and
Tuum' and
the 'Scandal.'

When the partners came to look into the accounts (at Posh's house, which was No. 8 Strand Cottages on the beach), Posh was obliged to explain, with regret, that there was a deficit.

'Wha—t!' cried FitzGerald in amazement, and hot words ensued. Posh assures me that every penny was accounted for, and that any one was free to examine the items; adding, 'You wouldn't credit, sir, what these boats go'—meaning the many expenses entailed owing to the damage of gear and other causes. They parted, 'after flowing words' on both sides.

Next morning FitzGerald, in much perturbation, appeared again at Strand Cottages.

'Posh, my dear boy,' said he, 'I haven't had a wink of sleep all night. I couldn't stop thinking about the affair.'

¹ Unpublished letter to Mr. Herman Biddell.

² 15th February 1870. See section 138.

'It hurt my feelings, sir,' said Posh.

'Tis done, 'tis done,' cried FitzGerald, with tears in his eyes. 'Bring a bottle of gin. I wish I'd never set eyes on the boat. Come, come, there's a good boy!'

After a glass and a shake of Posh's hand, FitzGerald went away, but in ten minutes returned.

'Posh,' said he, 'as I told you, I was thinking about that little affair all night. I've no right to be in the herring business. If agreeable to you, you shall be sole owner.' To this Posh agreed, and preliminary arrangements for the severance of the partnership were presently made. FitzGerald now wanted Posh's portrait, and Lawrence the artist was commissioned to paint 'a good big head of the fellow to hang up by old Thackeray and Tennyson,' all three of which he said occupied great places in his soul. Accompanying the letter was a rough sketch of the captain's head and shoulders, neither of a bad sort, and 'smacking of Carlyle.' Writing to Posh (April 1870), FitzGerald, in an unpublished letter,¹ says: 'The painter comes to Woodbridge on Thursday, when I shall expect you also in good trim; . . . you had better bring some change of clothes, a macklantan² bundle with a white-collared shirt or two; your best guernsey, trousers, and overcoat (such as you last wore), also a cap such as you *now* wear—leather with a peak; but not a cheesecutter, d— them! I write this because I feel a little melancholy at all this business, and do not care to be made spoony by leave-taking. . . . And we shall meet again in two days, but we will not talk of business then, I think, for fear of any bother.

'In the meantime, you see that I leave it all in your

¹ In my possession.

² Macklantan—mackle and tan—a scanty outfit of clothes carried on board by sailors.

hands, confident that you will do me justice, down to the last stitch and chip that is to be valued ; and now I remain, your old Partner (that was), E. F. G.' FitzGerald had Posh's photograph taken in two positions, but the pictures were a ludicrous failure. In sending them to Alfred Smith, FitzGerald says : 'Tell me if you should have recognised either of the enclosed. I should not ; and should never have known that both of them were meant for the same person. *If* you think you would have recognised either, or if you would even wish you could recognise either, keep it.'¹

A few days later, Mr. Thomas Balls, auctioneer of Lowestoft, was requested to value both the *Meum and Tuum* and the gear. After going into the matter, Mr. Balls wrote his estimate on a slip of paper, and requested Posh also to write an estimate. On comparing the prices it was found that the auctioneer had put £300 and £80, Posh £300 and £75. So Posh raised the required amount, and the *Meum and Tuum* became in fact, though not in name, only the *Tuum*. We are told that FitzGerald's experiences as a boatowner were a source of continual entertainment to the beachmen of Lowestoft, who knew that it was absolutely impossible for a stranger to compete successfully with practised owners and buyers.

FitzGerald continued to take an interest in Posh, but was greatly exercised on account of the weakness of the latter for drink. Having a run of bad luck, Posh, 'always of a grand convivial turn,' became more convivial and treated his acquaintances—getting 'so lawless,' that FitzGerald threatened to sever all connection with him. 'Financial difficulties,' he said to Posh, 'may be some excuse, and I know that what would be little temptation to me—born with a silver spoon—might be a very actual

¹ Unpublished letter to Alfred Smith.

one to you. Still, keep from the drink, there's a dear fellow.' FitzGerald wanted him to sign the pledge. What, one wonders, would Omar Khayyam have thought to see his adapter and admirer trying to make a man turn teetotaller! The great man—still a great man, though 'somewhat tarnished'—did sign, but broke his word, and then would not pledge it again. This, by wonderful reasoning, FitzGerald regarded as rather noble in Posh, whom he also likens to David. 'I did not forget what Carlyle too says about great faults in great men, even in David, the Lord's anointed.'¹

In one letter referring to Posh's bad luck, he says: 'You must not be discouraged; there is still time for as much to be done as you have done with any former mackerel voyage. And even if *nothing* be done, you are in a far better plight than many other owners so far as *one* creditor is concerned. You know that, while I wish you to pay when you *can*, I am more inclined to help you with more, than to press for what is due when you are in any difficulty, and so I hope to be so long as you do your endeavour [to] forward me in the point I have so often spoken about. Do not let any difficulty lead you to *Drink*, now or hereafter; . . . on your assurance that you do and will do what you can in this, you may depend on my not forgetting *my* part.'²

On 12th August 1870 FitzGerald writes: 'I think I perceive and feel a considerable reduction of vital force this year, and next year is that grand climacteric on which so many human ships go to pieces.' In March 1871 Mr. Kerrich died, and to FitzGerald's satisfaction Mrs. Kerrich's fortune was divided, according to her dying wish, among her children. As the family was

¹ *Hero-Worship*, Lecture 2; and see *Letters to Fanny Kemble*, p. 119.

² Unpublished letter, No. 21 in my collection.

large, however, and only a small independence could accrue to each, FitzGerald at once put his own affairs into as much order as possible so that he might be able to leave to each of his nieces a considerable sum. How much he then possessed he does not state; but speaking of one investment—a mortgage on house property belonging to a friend—he says, ‘This £6000 is now a very principal part of my diminished capital.’ He then required the mortgage to be paid off with a view to investing the money in what he supposed would afford better security.

Though FitzGerald did not now go into Bedfordshire, his friend, the Rev. William Airy, accompanied sometimes by his son Basil,¹ visited Suffolk and divided their time between Playford (the home of their relations, the Biddells) and Woodbridge. On such occasions a barrel of old Scotch ale would be broached and supernumerary pipes smoked; and there were generally trips to the surrounding spots of interest, such as Orford Castle and Bawdsey Cliffs.

This same year (1871) FitzGerald parted with his yacht—‘his dear little ship’—for £200; for the reason that owing to the weakness of his eyes he could not read in her cabin. Subsequently, when to water inclined, he betook himself to a hired boat, and contented himself with sailing on the Deben. He never liked to be very far away from his ‘old doctor,’ the sea.

His eyes having got worse, FitzGerald resolved to have recourse again to a boy reader.² He called this second

¹ Now Vicar of St. John's, Torquay. I am indebted to him for a number of notes and several anecdotes.

² FitzGerald had in all five boy readers—

1. Alfred Smith.
2. ‘The Blunderer,’ son of a cabinet-maker.
3. ‘The Butcher's Son’ (John Heffer).
4. ‘The Ghost’ (W. P. Fox).
5. ‘The Ghost's Brother’ (C. J. Fox).

boy 'The Blunderer,' on account of the multiplicity of his mistakes. As he stumbled at every third word it was necessary to confine him to the newspapers, where 'his blunders rather improved the text than otherwise.' Thus they had 'her furniture husband' (the boy's father was a cabinet-maker), 'ironclad laughter from the extreme left,' and 'face-smiles of letters'; whilst from the stock market column they gleaned that 'consolations had closed at 91.' 'He gets dreadfully tired,' says FitzGerald, 'and so do I.' During these ordeals FitzGerald used to sit in a high-backed, red-covered armchair, in dressing-gown and slippers; and generally finished up with a long clay, which after exhausting he would snap in two and throw the pieces under the grate. In February 1872, having lost boy No. 2, he provided himself with another, John Heffer, a much better scholar, but not nearly so amusing as his predecessor. They generally commenced with the Tichborne case,¹ of which FitzGerald seemed never to tire. Writing on 30th December 1871 he says: 'We have gone through *all* Tichborne since the case reopened in November. I have got to be extremely interested in it, but do not know what to think; except the claimant will hardly prove his case so as to dispossess the present possessors.'² A game of piquet with refreshments of plum-cake and fruit essence generally followed, and all went well until one day a mouse joined the party; whereupon the youth, who was but seventeen and the son of a butcher, took in terror to his heels. He returned, however, with some poisoned

143. 'The Blunderer' and 'The Butcher's Son.'

¹ The claimant commenced his suit of ejectment against the trustees of the infant Sir Alfred Tichborne on 11th May 1871. On 23rd April 1873 the claimant was arraigned before a special jury on three distinct counts of perjury. The trial, which lasted one hundred and sixty-nine days, was concluded 29th January 1874.

² Unpublished letter to Mrs. Browne.

wheat, and continued, after the death of the mouse, his nightly visits for three years.

Up to this time FitzGerald's Omar had been known only among a few friends and admirers, but the fame of it was presently to spread far and wide, owing, in part, to the pens of Mr. Schütz Wilson (*The Contemporary Review*, March 1876), Mr. Mallock, and Mrs. Cadell (*Fraser's Magazine*, 1879).

Upon all matters of religious belief FitzGerald was singularly silent. If in his opinion a man was a good man he honoured him, no matter what the creed. Against Evangelicalism he was prejudiced, because he saw the unwise lengths to which his brother John carried it; and he remembered too the later extravagances of the preacher Matthews. In his commonplace book, *Half-Hours with the Worst Authors*, he quotes at considerable length from an article in *Blackwood*¹ on 'Teaching in an Evangelical School,' in which the teacher is represented as pestering little children who are half asleep and would be better at play or in bed, with numbers of questions about religion, to which they give ridiculous answers. At the end FitzGerald wrote: 'No caricature, as I can witness for thirty years at least.' Doubtless he was thinking of Miss Barton's Sunday-school after the evening service at Bredfield church, and the missionaries in his brother John's various chapels. But if the ways of Low Church and Dissent displeased him, those of High Church found still less favour. Such expressions as 'Ambassador of God,' 'priest,' and 'altar' never failed to produce a perfect cataract of angry words. He got on best with the moderate men—the Groomes, the Allens, and the Airys; still, to use an expression of one of his most intimate friends, 'He was rather hard on

144. 'Though
your sins be
as scarlet.'

¹ Vol. xli. 'The school was very full . . . intelligible to them.'

parsons.' His ideas on religion may best be summed up in the words of Carlyle, which, with the title 'What is a Man's Religion?' he quotes with approval in *Polonius*: 'Not the church creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words or deeds otherwise assent; not this wholly; in many cases not this at all. . . . This is not what I call religion. . . . But the thing a man does *practically believe* (and this is often enough without asserting it to himself, much less to others), the thing a man does practically lay to heart. That is his religion.'

Although FitzGerald spoke little on religious subjects, he thought deeply and pondered often the promises of Scripture. Once Mr. Herman Biddell coming upon him suddenly heard him saying quietly to himself those beautiful words of Isaiah: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'¹ He had great admiration for Ecclesiastes and the Psalms, and a portion of one verse (Psalm c. ver. 3) was often on his lips: 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.'² Matters of religion had, indeed, all through life very much occupied his mind. As he said, he had 'thought much on these things.' Quotations and illustrations from the Bible often crept into his speech. Thus he likened Posh to David—a great man with a great failing; Mrs. Cowell was 'the elect lady,'³ Mrs. FitzGerald was 'Eve,' Spedding—on account of his skill in arguing—the 'subtle serpent,' and Dove, the builder, was 'Noah's Dove.'

About this time the village of Dunwich, some eight miles directly north of Aldeburgh, began to find favour with FitzGerald. Formerly a cathedral city and the capital of East Anglia, with strong walls and gates, a

¹ Isaiah i. 18.

² These words are on his tomb.

³ 2 John v. 1.

mayor's mansion, numerous churches, a fine harbour and important shipping, Dunwich is now but a tiny village.

145. *Dunwich.* It has but one church, and that modern, a poor hundred cottages, and a few pathetic, ivy-clad ruins of a Greyfriars' Priory, where the shriek of owls has succeeded the sound of anthems. All else has been engulfed by the sea. The cliff still suffers, and men's bones are sometimes seen protruding from the portion which was the churchyard. Dunwich is dear to the inhabitants of Lowestoft, Beccles, and the other surrounding towns, especially to the younger and more sentimental element, who, however, are interested less in its antiquities and eeriness than in its 'sweet little lanes—just room enough for two.' Even to 1866 Dunwich had a mayor and corporation, and FitzGerald alludes to 'Old Joe' the mace-bearer. At Dunwich FitzGerald often met Edwin Edwards, a London artist, who was seeking to build up his health. He always enjoyed the society of both Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, and he once lent them Little Grange for a month. When Edwards taught him Spanish dominoes, he said it would be an excellent plan for people to carry dominoes about with them in order to give 'something easy to do besides conversation.' Here too he became acquainted with that 'melancholy man,' Charles Keene, of *Punch*, a friend of the Edwardses. Keene, who described FitzGerald as 'just one of our sort, very bookish, and fond of art, and delightful company,' resembled him in being abstemious, a lover of music (Keene's weakness was the bagpipes, on which he was an enthusiastic performer), and of Elizabethan and Caroline literature. Like FitzGerald, too, he was quietly humorous, shy, an inveterate smoker—using a short clay with a tiny bowl—careless in dress, and outspoken.



MR. AND MRS. EDWIN EDWARDS

BY KIND PERMISSION OF 'THE STUDIO'

By Fantin Latour.

PLATE XLV.

When Keene was not smoking or blowing the bagpipes he liked to have a brandy-ball in his cheek ; and of this sweet no child was more fond. The pair used to talk till midnight—belles lettres, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but evidently not Omar Khayyam. When calling once on W. B. Scott, Keene happened to mention that he had lately been visiting FitzGerald. Describing the incident, Keene says: 'Scott jumped off his chair crying, "Do you know him! Why, Ram Jam (some wonderful Persian name he gave it) is the most exquisite work of the age!"' Eight hundred years after Omar Khayyam had penned his quatrains, and twenty-two after the publication of FitzGerald's exquisite version, all that an Englishman with Keene's advantages knew about the Persian poet was that his name was something like 'Ram Jam.'

This year (1872) was published the third edition of Omar, in which nine of the quatrains that had appeared in the second edition were cancelled, leaving one hundred and one. For this edition a frontispiece was designed and etched by Mr. Edwin Edwards. It represents a mysterious hand holding up the Fanusi Khiyal, or Indian revolving lantern, and illustrates the lines—

'We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illumined lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.'

A few copies were struck off, but the picture was not used.

In the summer of 1872 FitzGerald received at Woodbridge visits from Sir Frederick Pollock, who stayed two days and put him up to 'much that was going on in the civilised world'; and Frederick Tennyson, who

was not only a spiritualist but a medium. 'He is,' says FitzGerald, 'quite grand and sincere in this as in all else, with the faith of a gigantic child.'

146.

F. Tennyson at FitzGerald visits his brother Peter at Syden-
Woodbridge. ham, goes to the Royal Academy, where he
Prof. Norton.

has the pleasure of meeting Anne Thackeray, and in September (1872) is again at Lowestoft enjoying himself with Posh, whom he took to the theatre to see the *Merchant of Venice*. Posh, who admired some of the 'gays,' as he called the scenes, slept long and soundly—Shakespeare proving as powerful as the old Scotch ale. In April 1873 FitzGerald received, through Carlyle, a letter from Professor Norton, of New York, and with it a ten-years-delayed letter from Ruskin about one of the Persian translations. Thereupon FitzGerald wrote two letters of thanks—one to Mr. Norton, the precursor of many; and another to Carlyle, who sent it on to Norton, 'as a slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life.' In April FitzGerald paid another visit to Naseby in order to try and induce the trustees of the estate to allow the long-discussed memorial-stone to be set up, but with a result that was not encouraging. Back again, he once more takes up Walpole, Wesley, and Boswell, 'three very different men,' contemporaries, 'whose diverse ways of looking at the world they lived in make,' he observes, 'a curious study.' He gets out on the river in his boat, potters about his garden and miniature heath, and takes to wearing blue glasses. In July he is at Naseby again, and in August at Aldeburgh, his pockets bulging with a couple of volumes of Walpole's letters and Tacitus, done by his friend Donne for the series 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.'

Among the friends of FitzGerald at Woodbridge was Mr. Frederick Spalding, at one time clerk to Messrs. Newson Garrett, coal, corn, and brick merchant—¹⁴⁸ Frederick Spalding. a bookish man, naturalist, and antiquary. His house, which was tiled, stood next to a slated house, at a short distance from Little Grange, and FitzGerald would often point to the roofs and remark how much pleasanter the tiled one looked. 'Why,' said he, 'will people have cold-looking slates instead of warm-looking red tiles?'¹ Better by far have the dear old mouse-coloured thatch.' Spalding, with whom FitzGerald 'was almost easier than with anybody,'² subsequently went into business on his own account, but in spite of very great help from FitzGerald was not successful. The truth is, his mind was with his natural history collections and curiosities, and not with his ledger. He was more interested in coins of Constantine the Great than pieces stamped with the head of Victoria. He would thank you more for a rare moth than for introducing a customer. 'I was born,' Spalding once lamented, 'with tastes beyond my means.' 'I am afraid we all are,' said Mr. Alfred Smith consolingly, who on his part had no reason for complaint, for by dint of close application to the business of his farms he had coaxed Dame Fortune into smiles, and was sending horses all over the world. What to do with Spalding was with FitzGerald a kind of Eastern Question. Finally he said, 'The only thing we really can do with the delightful fellow is to get him a place in some museum.' Whether by FitzGerald's influence or

¹ Tiles seem to have fallen out of favour because they so often get loose. This is because builders use iron nails, which of course soon rust and perish. When copper nails are used tiles are said to last longer than slates.

² On the flyleaf of a copy of Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, which he presented to Spalding, FitzGerald quoted Dr. Johnson's remark to Boswell, 'He was pleased to say to me, "Boswell, I am almost easier with you than with anybody."' "

had hitherto been only 'Old Berry,' would now be 'Old Gooseberry.' Presently the widow, as had been expected, insisted on notice being given. Berry, with unwilling steps, ascended to the room, tapped timidly, and entered trembling; while the lady, who stood at the bottom to encourage him, cried in peremptory undertone: 'Be firm, Berry! Remind him of what he called you.' Then entering the room, Berry, with many apologies, faltered out the necessary dismissal, adding, 'and I have been told, sir, that you have called me "Old Gooseberry."' Thus, in Donne's words, E. F. G. was 'turned out of his long-inhabited lodgings by a widow weighing at least fourteen stone.' Some have endeavoured to damage this story by asseverating that Donne was in error when he said that Berry weighed 'at most nine stone,' and that the poor man was wanting in spirit only, not in bulk or weight; adding that he was at least fifteen stone. Upon my remarking that Berry seemed to vary in size like Lake Chad, one of FitzGerald's friends observed, 'He was really a little man, but of late years ran to stomach.' Whatever Berry's weight, however, it was all the same to FitzGerald, who—and it was like uprooting an old tree—had to depart from those 'dear rooms' where he had for thirteen years been so comfortable.

Instead of going and settling in his own house Little Grange, which had not been inhabited, save by friends for a few weeks, since he bought it, FitzGerald merely looked out for other lodgings, using Little Grange—his 'rather lonely château,' as he calls it—only for sleeping, and he occasionally ran down to Lowestoft. By and by he hired a little room next door to the gunsmith's, and crushed all his things into it; but finally he was forced to move to Little Grange.

Among the friends of FitzGerald at Woodbridge was Mr. Frederick Spalding, at one time clerk to Messrs. Newson Garrett, coal, corn, and brick merchant. ^{148. Frederick Spalding.} a bookish man, naturalist, and antiquary. His house, which was tiled, stood next to a slated house, at a short distance from Little Grange, and FitzGerald would often point to the roofs and remark how much pleasanter the tiled one looked. 'Why,' said he, 'will people have cold-looking slates instead of warm-looking red tiles?'¹ Better by far have the dear old mouse-coloured thatch.' Spalding, with whom FitzGerald 'was almost easier than with anybody,'² subsequently went into business on his own account, but in spite of very great help from FitzGerald was not successful. The truth is, his mind was with his natural history collections and curiosities, and not with his ledger. He was more interested in coins of Constantine the Great than pieces stamped with the head of Victoria. He would thank you more for a rare moth than for introducing a customer. 'I was born,' Spalding once lamented, 'with tastes beyond my means.' 'I am afraid we all are,' said Mr. Alfred Smith consolingly, who on his part had no reason for complaint, for by dint of close application to the business of his farms he had coaxed Dame Fortune into smiles, and was sending horses all over the world. What to do with Spalding was with FitzGerald a kind of Eastern Question. Finally he said, 'The only thing we really can do with the delightful fellow is to get him a place in some museum.' Whether by FitzGerald's influence or

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some other, this subsequently came about. Spalding got appointed curator of the Castle Museum at Colchester, and there among Roman, Norman, and Gothic ruins, in a charming old castle (built for him eight hundred years previous by some jolly old mail-clad baron), among coins, old pottery, metal curios, and fragments of armour, he lived a perfectly congenial life. The square man had got into the square hole. He was happy ever after. Other Woodbridge acquaintances of FitzGerald were Mr. Thomas Grimwood, whose cutter figures in the letters to Posh, and Mr. John Loder, the bookseller in 'The Thoroughfare.'

John FitzGerald continued his career of preaching and philanthropy. He had many pensioners, and fitted up

149. John
FitzGerald
again.

one of the rooms at Boulge Hall with shelves and drawers for articles suitable for distribution. The house at times, indeed, might have been taken for a well-patronised shop, so numerous were the aged poor who streamed thence with clothing and other gifts. John preached almost daily. On one occasion he paid a visit to Edward, and told him about a great scheme which he had thought out for making all the world good. We do not know the particulars, but apparently it was some special method of preaching. Edward listened attentively, and said he heartily wished all the world could be made good, but he thought John's Eureka would not answer. As John got older he confined his work more to his immediate neighbourhood, preaching most frequently in the chapel between Boulge Hall and Debach and the Mission Hall at Bredfield. His eccentricities increased rather than diminished. He took to standing on one leg to preach—not the whole of the time, of course, but as fancy inspired him. Not only did he remove his boots and socks as of old, but he would

hold one or the other at arm's length and examine it attentively through his eyeglass, and without making a pause in the discourse. A stranger, indeed, might have thought that he was illustrating it, as is sometimes done at missionary meetings, where they pass idols, sandals, and curious shells round. There was here, however, no relevancy at all between the objects or actions and the words; but the congregation never failed to preserve a profound gravity, taking it all as a matter of course. The aged senators of Rome, sitting in the forum when Brennus and his Gauls burst in upon them, did not exhibit more imperturbability. Then there were the aristocratic gatherings in the library at Boulge Hall, where John would invite the principal clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood to hear some prominent evangelist, the company sitting on satin and gilded sofas, fauteuils, and chairs—gatherings that were little to the taste of those invited, but John FitzGerald's weight in the county left no alternative but attendance. 'John,' commented Edward, 'means well, but he adopts extraordinary methods to attain his ends.'

Mrs. W. K. Browne repeatedly invited FitzGerald to Goldington, and in a letter written in 1873¹ he thus excuses himself: 'I have not been out on a visit *anywhere* since just before my sister Kerrich died in May 1863, ten years ago, not even to my brother's house, two miles off here, though we are very good friends. I do not even call on my old friends when I have to run to London about once a year. I don't state this as if I thought it commendable, quite the contrary; but so it has been, as I say, for ten years, and too late to alter now. I state it to you that you may not think that

150. *Thoughts on the death of Henry Dyott Boulton.*

¹ Unpublished letter. No date except 1873.

you are an exception to other old friends.' On 3rd September 1874, referring to the death of Mr. Henry Dyott Boulton¹ of Puttenhoe (near Goldington), who, as we remarked, had married W. K. Browne's sister Anne, FitzGerald says: 'His age about seventy, and generally *before* rather than *after* we must be looking out and getting ready for the journey. I feel from time to time the skirmishes of disease which I suppose is to vanquish me at last. If I retain my senses and do not suffer very great pain, I think I shall not repine much, for I find life little worth now ; not that I am unhappy, but so wofully indifferent.'

¹ He died 23rd August 1874, aged seventy-one.

BOOK VI

LITTLE GRANGE

JANUARY 1874 TO 14TH JUNE 1883

CHAPTER XVIII

FIRST YEARS AT LITTLE GRANGE

JANUARY 1874 TO DECEMBER 1875

Bibliography

31. List of the people in Madame le Séigneur's Letter.

THOUGH he went to live at Little Grange, *Frederick* occupied only one room—the largest downstairs—in the part of the house added by himself. Says he: ‘It does very well for me; reminding ^{me of Little Grange. His former life in the Colon.} me of my former cabin life in my little ship *d'autrefois.*’ He divided it into two by folding-doors, using one compartment as his bedroom, the other as a study, which he lined with bookshelves, and furnished with a desk on high legs (placed near the window), at which he used to stand and write, a sideboard, and a high-backed armchair. The room to the right, or entrance-hall, as it may be called, contained a billiard-table and an organ on which he often played, always from memory, songs from old operas and glees—little pieces from Handel or Mozart. ‘We often,’ says one of his readers, ‘passed an hour that way, especially in the summer twilights, instead of with books.’ It was a kind of David’s harp to him—driving away melancholy. ‘He could get,’ says Archdeacon Groome, ‘such full harmonies out of it as did good to the listener.’

Sometimes (and the twilight sketch of him at the organ by Charles Keene is well known) he would go on playing, playing, forgetting himself and others, and disappearing gradually in the gathering gloom, till at last nothing was visible but the white of his spreading hair and the dim outline of his shape, including the pendulous shawl.

The rest of the house was left for the use of his nieces whenever they liked to visit him. Though his own room was so plainly appointed, no expense was spared in the other rooms, the furniture of which included a carved work-table, an antique cabinet, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, another cabinet of carved oak, and various Oriental objects which he loved for their 'quaint shapes, fine colours, musky sandalwood scents.' Relics of Carlyle, Crabbe, Bernard Barton, and others lay about; portraits of Tennyson, Allen, Thackeray, and W. Kenworthy Browne, a landscape ('Abraham and Isaac') attributed to Titian, and a portrait of Raphael Mengs hung on the walls; and on the staircase stood a cast of Woolner's bust of Tennyson. His nieces lived by themselves. Sometimes FitzGerald would see them for a few minutes in the garden, where he used to walk with blue glasses and a green eyeshade, and sometimes for four or five days he would not see them at all. 'But then,' says he, 'I am so used to long solitude.'

A French casement in the study opened upon a long undulating garden walk, sheltered by an elm hedge, which he called his 'Quarter-deck.' Here he often sauntered alone or with friends, whom he regaled with whisky in a very primitive and paralytic summer-house on the way, or offered snuff from a box which had been Bernard Barton's. He tells us much of his garden with its perfume of sweet peas, its ivied pollard overshadowing a bench, its



FITZGERALD'S DESK

NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. GERALD SMITH, GREAT BEALINGS, WOODBRIDGE

From a photograph by H. Welton, Woodbridge.

PLATE XLVI.

pond four feet in diameter, its patty-pan beds, its crocuses and daffodils—prey of the winds and his pigeons—and his tiny greenhouse, which numbered among its treasures an oleander. ‘Don’t you love the oleander?’ he asks;¹ ‘so clean in its leaves and stem, as so beautiful in its flower. I rather worship mine.’ While his favourite flower was the nasturtium, he was also partial to the geranium, the ‘anemone blowing in spring Syrian dyes,’ the convolvulus—‘the morning glory’—with its purple, magenta, or white trumpets, and the blazing orange of the ‘grand African marigold’—‘for its colour (so comfortable to us Spanish-like Paddies) and courage, in living all winter through.’ For brilliant colours he had a constant passion. Years before, when he had lived over the gunpowder, he was so pleased with a parti-coloured mop, that instead of giving it over to the kitchen, the place for which it had been intended, he kept it in his sitting-room, leaning against the wall. He loved the crimson and amber of the setting sun, the gilt of picture-frames, the burnished gold of the pheasant’s plumage, and he would have had all girls and women dress in flamingo red. When he wanted ‘a chancicleer’ for Little Grange it was to be of any splendid colours: black and red, black and gold, white and red and gold! His handkerchief was of yellow silk.

He so abhorred the cold blue colour of slates that he had those at the back of his larder painted red to resemble tiles; and he never tired of anathematising the architect of St. John’s Church² on account of the slate roof. For the same reason, as we have seen, he loved the northern portion of Lowestoft with its warm red roofs, and execrated the southern or new portion. ‘The Englishman in general,’ he says, ‘hates rich colours, and especially

¹ 17th October 1882.

² Erected 1846.

where they are most needed to warm and light up his cold, colourless skies and seas.'¹

As regards birds, he preferred the note of the blackbird to that of either the *olp* (bullfinch) or the nightingale, which, he held, 'ought to be in bed like the rest of us,' whereas the blackbird seemed 'so jolly, and the note so proper from that golden bill of his.' Another favourite was the wren, and in one of his commonplace books he gives a long list of its 'kingly names' in various languages: Latin, *regulus*; French, *roitelet*, and so on.

To wait on him at his 'suburb Grange' he had John Howe, the old sailor, who had been in the service of Major Pytches, and Howe's wife, Mary Anne. John

152. 'The King of Clubs' and the 'Fairy Godmother.'

Howe was a short, square-built, simple, cheery, stolid soul with a good head of white hair and a grizzled beard, who dressed in mariner's blue clothes, and looked just what he was, a fine old salt. He spelt his name H-o-w as a rule, but on important occasions, such as weddings, funerals, or christenings, added an 'e,' a custom still preserved in the family; and spoke with a nasal twang in the Suffolk vernacular—always addressing his master as 'Mr. Fitz-Jarel.' FitzGerald, who was much attached to the faithful old fellow, got infinite amusement out of his mistakes and forgetfulness. A good, imperturbable blunderer, he was at once FitzGerald's man-servant and court-jester—causing, by the very way he said things, uproarious mirth. Many of his sayings, however, would scarcely seem funny to-day. 'Mr. Fitz-Jarel' had a host of names for the honest soul; for example, 'The King of Clubs'—his portrait being in every pack of cards; 'My old Hermes,' because he carried letters to the post; and 'Old Puddledog' from his blunders. FitzGerald, who would never stick down his

¹ *Sea Words and Phrases*, No. 2.



LITTLE GRANGE

FITZGERALD'S HOME FOR NINE YEARS (1873-1883)

From a photograph by R. Eaton White, Esq.



WOODBIDGE SHOWING THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

From a photograph by H. Welton, Woodbridge.

PLATE XLVII.

envelopes himself, always handed his letters in a batch, with the envelopes open, to Howe, who would first give to each its pair of broad licks, and then hasten, with winged heart, if not with winged feet, on his errand. In the hall was a stove which Howe used to attend to—generally making a deafening noise as he raked out the ashes. FitzGerald called it ‘Howe’s guitar,’ and if more noise than usual was made would burst out singing—

‘Gaily Old Puddledog
Banged his guitar.’

FitzGerald, indeed, frequently sang songs, snatches of songs, and snatches of parodies as he walked about, worked in the garden, or toasted his slippers and the knees of his trousers at the fire. Such were Thackeray’s ‘Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,’¹ which he adapted to the tune of the old Cavalier song, a favourite of his college days, ‘Troll, troll, the bonny brown bowl,’ and now and again he would venture on ‘Macedon’s Madman.’

Mrs. Howe, a clean, neat, intelligent little body with a weak, piping voice, always wore by FitzGerald’s wish a red dress, and out of doors a red cloak, which, together with her blithe and chirrupy nature, led him to confer on her the name of ‘The Fairy Godmother.’ FitzGerald had a sincere respect for her, and when she was unwell, he was so troubled that he left the house and would not return until she had recovered. He also showed his appreciation of the devotion of this excellent couple by never disturbing either of them unnecessarily. But he disliked giving trouble to any one.

Though himself so much of a vegetarian, FitzGerald provided flesh, fish, and fowl for his guests. The dinner

¹ See Biographical Edition of Thackeray’s Works, vol. xiii. p. 50.

service very appropriately had apples and pears for knobs (and it must have delighted him to secure such a pattern), the piece for vegetables being two circular dishes joined. What rare table wit must have played over those twin circles! Glorious talk was never wanting at FitzGerald's table. To quote his antique love and poet Richard Corbet,¹ 'With every meal he could mend your cheese with tales both old and true.' At one of these gatherings, Herman Biddell being present, Archdeacon Groome, brimming over with humour and racy talk, told the story which so much amused FitzGerald about the churchyard sown with potatoes. 'Really, Mr.—,' Groome had remarked to the clergyman, 'I don't like to see this.' Whereupon an old churchwarden chimed in, 'That's what I say tew, Mr. Archdeacon. Yeou go tatering, tatering; why don't yeou wheat it?'² Mr. Hindes Groome certainly exaggerates in his presentment of the Suffolk dialect in his *Two Suffolk Friends*; still that dialect is sufficiently mystifying to those who hear it for the first time. At an agricultural dinner in Suffolk many years ago, at which his Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales) was present, among the speakers was a Suffolk gentleman of the real old 'yeou and tew' variety. The natives understood him pretty well, but the Prince, turning to some one at his elbow, whispered, 'What language is the gentleman speaking?' Among the stories which FitzGerald used to tell, and which he enjoyed telling, was one gleaned from Bernard Barton about Charles Lamb. It ran as follows—

'When Lamb in 1822 (he was then in Paris) went to see

¹ 'Farewell to the Fairies.' Written out in FitzGerald's Museum Book.

² In *Two Suffolk Friends* F. Hindes Groome spoils this story by reversing it, 'Wheat would be a most unlikely thing to plant in a small patch such as a churchyard—the birds would get it all' (Herman Biddell to T. Wright).



THE 'QUARTER-DECK'

FITZGERALD'S WALK, SHOWING THE SUMMER-HOUSE. LITTLE GRANGE IN THE DISTANCE

From a photograph by R. Eaton White, Esq.

PLATE XLVIII.

Talma in the play of *Regulus*, he could not enter into the spirit of the French acting. Afterwards when they met, Talma asked how he liked it. Lamb shook his head and smiled. "Ah!" said Talma, "I was not very happy to-night; you must see me in *Sylla*." "Incidet in Scyllam," said Lamb, "qui vult vitare Charybdin."¹ "Ah! you rogue—a great rogue," cried Talma, shaking him cordially by the hand as they parted.² When Mr. Aldis Wright was present at these FitzGeraldian dinners the talk, chiefly about old English authors and Suffolk folklore, was particularly interesting. Mr. Wright being an authority on both these subjects, FitzGerald delighted to hear him. Charles Keene, too, often visited Woodbridge, and showed the blackbirds in FitzGerald's garden what he could do with his bagpipes. When he asked FitzGerald whether he might play them in the house, the answer was, "Yes, if you take the drone off."

FitzGerald usually spent his Sunday afternoons with Mr. Alfred Smith at Sutton Haugh. Of the ferry, the ferryman in blue, the primitive arrangements ^{153. At Sutton Haugh.} at the spot, and the walk under the red fir-crowned cliff and across the fields to Sutton Haugh we have already spoken. Alfred Smith, though devoted to his farm, was nevertheless not uninterested in literature. He possessed, too, the useful faculty of being a good listener; besides, he and FitzGerald had known each other forty years. Every Sunday at two o'clock 'Mr. Fitz-Jarel' (to use Mr. Howe's variant) was at the ferry, and presently would be plodding along among the bracken and under the red cliff. Sometimes deep in thought, often sad, for Antipholus of Syracuse, despite his wit, his humour, and his habit of bursting out with

¹ He who tries to avoid Charybdis, tumbles into Scylla.

² FitzGerald sent this anecdote to Canon Ainger, editor of *Lamb's Letters*.

snatches of Bacchanalian song, was usually sober-looking and even melancholy. Sitting with Alfred at the open window, a plate of rusks and a glass of port wine before him, he would talk of old times at Boulge and Bedford, and particularly of W. Kenworthy Browne; and he made Mr. Smith a present of the picture of the Spanish pointer which Mrs. Browne had returned after her husband's death. Passages that struck him or thoughts that amused him he would often reiterate. Such were Becky Sharp's remark, 'Five hundred pounds a year is enough to be virtuous on'; the Spanish proverb, 'The other side of the road is always the cleaner'; the quotation from Crabbe—

'Man is but man, the thing he most desires
Pleases awhile—then pleases not—then tires';

the family saying about 'doing one's little owl'; and the remark suggested by a passage in Wesley's *Journal*, 'These are my troubles, Mr. Wesley,'¹ than which no saying was more frequently in his mouth. A lover of old Suffolk words, he occasionally expressed his terror 'lest the modern schoolmaster should drub them out of the language,' and he often recited to Mr. Smith passages from 'The Vision of Sin,' of which he thought more highly than of anything else written by Tennyson.² The melancholy of it accorded with his own sad outlook on life. The abstemious, temperate man who had interpreted the wine-song of Omar would sit with his rusks and his glass

¹ 'A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day."'

² In this he resembled Robertson of Brighton, who said, "'The Vision of Sin," too mystical for most people, has long been to me the shadow of an awful truth.'



'THE KING OF CLUBS'.—JOHN HOWE.



'THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'.—MARY ANNE HOWE.

PLATE XLIX.

at the open window at Sutton Haugh, repeating in his 'unforgettable voice'—

'Fill the cup, and fill the can :
Have a rouse before the morn :
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born' ;

and then—

'Fill the can, and fill the cup :
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.'

Mr. Mowbray Donne, son of 'our Donne,' observes that FitzGerald used to speak like a cricket-ball with a break on it, or like his own favourite image of the wave falling over ; and quotes the following sentence from the letters to illustrate his statement : 'What bothered me in London was, all the clever people going wrong with such clever reasons for so doing, which I couldn't confute.' 'I can hear him,' says Mr. Donne, 'saying "which I couldn't confute" with a break on his tone of voice at the end of couldn't.'

Incidents which less sensitive persons would pass over with scarcely a notice would cause FitzGerald considerable irritation. For example, the fact that at Little Grange he could hear the hammering of the carpenters in the distant workshops of Mr. Fosdyke the builder was a serious grievance ; and he once suggested that Mr. Fosdyke should 'strain a number of wires in the air so as to dull the sounds.' We have already spoken of FitzGerald's sympathy with old age, but may give another illustration. Among those who used to work for him was Isaac Berry, a gardener who lived near the Cherry Tree Inn. An elm being doomed, Berry was about to ascend it in order to affix the ropes, whereupon FitzGerald called out, 'Berry ! where are you going ? Do you keep down.

You have a grown-up son ; let him go up. If he falls down and breaks his neck, it won't matter.' When Mrs. Berry had rheumatics in a severe form FitzGerald called every day for nine months, and was indefatigable in kindness ; and he allowed Mr. Buckmaster, a medical man, a fixed sum every year for visiting the poor. He abominated cruelty to animals, and speak out he always would. Meeting once two corpulent persons, apparently a man and wife, riding in a pony-trap, and urging the poor little pony up Pyches Road at the back of his house, he said, 'Don't you think you could get out and let the poor thing walk?' and then (reminding us of that old fable of the man and his son and the ass), 'You look as able to draw the trap as he does!' FitzGerald did incalculable kindness either by stealth or in a quiet way. One Woodbridge neighbour borrowed £500¹ of him, and three times punctually paid the interest ; but when the third payment was made FitzGerald produced the note of hand, and dropped it into the fire, saying merely, 'I think that will do.'

His birthplace, Bredfield House, always acted to him as a loadstone. For long he visited it every day, but, although excellent friends with Mrs. White who resided there, he could never be prevailed upon to enter. Once he said, 'I want to see the room in which I was whipped,' but even then he would only look through the window. He preferred to sit and muse on a garden seat outside, his thoughts, mostly sable, carrying him back to days of happiness and hope, which he compared with the after years of disappointment and trouble—

'All the sunshine of the year
Could not make thine aspect glad
To one whose youth is buried here.'

¹ Not £200 as in *Two Suffolk Friends*. I have all the particulars of the case.



MR. HERMAN BIDDELL

From a photograph by John White, Ipswich and Felixstowe.

PLATE L.

It was a lettered Scipio sitting among the ruins of a literary Carthage. Another favourite resort was 'The Croft' at Melton, where FitzGerald would sit on the window-ledge and talk by the hour to one of his numerous old lady friends, Miss Bland.

About this time, not feeling well, he consulted a doctor, who informed him that his heart was affected, a scrap of news which made him, for many days, unusually cheerful. To an acquaintance similarly affected he said, 'I congratulate you, I have heart disease myself, and I am glad of it. I don't want a posse of old women round me when I am dying,' meaning that he would prefer a sudden death, a desire that was destined to be fulfilled.

We have often compared the brothers, Edward and John, and the following anecdotes will still further illustrate the traits they had in common. Edward once suddenly took it into his head to go to Beccles, forty miles off, in order to visit his friend Dr. Crowfoot. Having arrived there he walked for an hour up and down in front of the house in Blyburgate Street without being able to summon up sufficient courage to ring. Then, making his way to the station, he returned to Woodbridge, whence he wrote and detailed what had happened; yet he had known Dr. Crowfoot for many years, and had a standing invitation to Beccles.

Among his acquaintances was the old-fashioned bookseller of Ipswich, Mr. James Read, whose shop was the resort of book-lovers from all the country round. Now and then FitzGerald invited him to Little Grange, and while the guest was seated to a substantial dinner with the ever-present old Scotch ale, the host would walk backwards and forwards 'like a caged tiger' munching an apple—though that would be singular in a tiger—and talking about books. One morning Read received an

invitation to dinner on the following day. Having hired a conveyance he drove to Woodbridge, stabled his horse, and presented himself at Little Grange. On explaining his errand to 'The Fairy Godmother,' who answered the door, she said, 'You can't see him to-day,' and nothing more could be got out of her. It was in vain that he explained that he had come from Ipswich by express invitation—the red dress was obdurate; so there was nothing to be done except to return to his inn, lunch alone, and drive home again. Next day a letter arrived, in which FitzGerald said that he had seen Mr. Read at the door, but was not fit for company,—in fact, he could not be bothered.

Here is a parallel anecdote about the eccentricity of John FitzGerald, which in this instance was probably the means of saving his life. John was at some station in Wales; he had taken his ticket, and, with a servant and much luggage, was waiting for a train. 'The train's coming, sir,' cried a porter, but John took no notice.

'The train's in, sir.' No reply. John FitzGerald merely walked up and down the platform.

'The train's gone, sir,' finally cried the porter.

'Take up those things,' said John to his servant, pointing to the luggage; and they returned to their hotel. The train met with a terrible accident, and many of its passengers were killed or injured.

These are not isolated stories. Very many similar to them could be told about both the brothers.

It was a frequent custom with Edward FitzGerald to walk about the lanes and roads near his house at midnight. When all the world was at rest and silent he would emerge from his 'château,' his green and black plaid-shawl round him and trailing on the ground, like some old Roman senator in toga, and mount Mill Hill

(then with scarce a house on it) behind Little Grange. Here he would stalk backwards and forwards, brooding over his troubles—principally that dismal marriage which he never could forget—or pondering the tremendous problems of life, death, and eternity—among the great inky shapes of the windmills and their slowly revolving sails, dear to him if only for Don Quixote's sake, no sound reaching him save an occasional creak or the hoarse voice of a raven from some distant and indistinct chimney.

FitzGerald speaks lovingly of his books, his Friends on the Shelf, as he called them, and of his particular favourites he never tired. The people in Shakespeare he found alive, talking round him; but the sonnets, in his earlier days at any rate, attracted him even more than the plays. In winter he could make quite a summer in his room with Boccaccio, and he found it delightful to turn from 'the accursed Eastern Question' to the pretty story-telling ladies. For *Gil Blas*, a collection of storyettes rather than a continuous story, he cared nothing after his dear *Don*. If Cervantes was his chief god, Madame de Sévigné—his 'dear Sévigné,' 'Bless her!' the queen of all letter-writers, more alive to him than most friends—was his chief goddess. He longed to visit her famous country house, the Rochers, in Brittany, and drew up a dictionary list of her people, which is now in the possession of Mr. Aldis Wright. From Wesley's *Journal*, 'that capital *Journal*,' as he calls it, he thought a book 'might be made for railway reading! with its glimpses of England, its people, and places a hundred years ago.'¹ He had an intense love for beautiful words and a chaste style, but laid down that the highest genius is not as a rule

154. Fitz-
Gerald's
Friends on
the Shelf.

¹ *Sea Words and Phrases*, No. 1.

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¹ *Sea Words and Phrases*, No. 1.

the most correct. He could see that Béranger, with all his artistry, ranks below Burns, whose best songs are disfigured by imperfect lines. Sunning himself in Scott and Dickens, he winked at the tawdry style of the latter and elevated the carelessness of the former into a virtue. He was delighted with Scott's declaration, 'You know, I don't care a hang what I write,' and used to add, 'Nor did he.' 'I will worship him,' he says elsewhere, 'in spite of "Gurlyle," who sent me an ugly autotype of Knox, whom I was to worship instead,' and he praises in particular *The Pirate*, *Guy Mannering*, and *Kenilworth*. He liked *David Copperfield*, with the exception of the pompous, pathetic parts, and found *Our Mutual Friend* and *Great Expectations*, inferior as they are to Dickens's masterpieces, 'better than any one else's best.' As to Thackeray, he thought *Pendennis* best at the beginning, *Vanity Fair* at the end. He admired so much Dryden's prefaces that he expressed the wish in *Notes and Queries* to see them collected in one volume. He often quotes Boswell's *Johnson*, dear to him even in his Bury days, several times calls himself 'the great Twalmley,' and crowed shrilly when he discovered that one of Johnson's *mots* had a pre-Johnsonian existence.¹ Keats, throwing off his poems red-hot, reminded him of Catullus; and when later he read Keats's letters he felt 'no shock of change between the one poet and the other.' He noticed, too, that the incidents of their life, as well as the peculiarities of their temperaments, offered parallels. For Catullus and his Lesbia he had but to substitute Keats and his Fanny. Catullus mournfully addressing his dead

¹ 'Il y a ici un fameux Joueur de violon qui fait des Prodiges sur sa chanterelle. Un homme disait à un autre: "Monsieur, n'êtes-vous pas enchanté? Sentez-vous combien cela est difficile?" "Ah, Monsieur, dit l'autre, je voudrais que cela fût impossible!"'—Madame Du Deffand to Voltaire, July 1769. *Notes and Queries*, 1861.

brother, 'Frater ave atque vale,' dissolves into Keats lamenting the loss of 'poor Tom': 'both such fiery souls as wore out their bodies early.' Other favourites were Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries*, Macready's *Reminiscences*, and Richardson's novels,¹ which, despite their spacious plains of dulness, he preferred to Fielding. He considered the letters of Mrs. Trench to be the next best in our language to those of Cowper and Walpole; and *The School for Scandal* our best comedy. Blake seemed 'to have fine things, but as by random.' He loved Longfellow, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, but could never take to Hawthorne. He found Horace Walpole capital fun, pronounced Evelyn's *Diary* colourless after 'Dear Peepy,' revelled in Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, and once told Mr. Herman Biddell that Anthony Trollope² saw farther into a woman's heart than any other writer. He declared that Gray's *Elegy*, 'pieced and patched together so laboriously by a man of almost as little genius as abundant taste,' would outlive many a more trumpeted work. In December 1876 he was begging Lowell to work on De Quincey, 'certainly a very remarkable figure in literature.' Pathetic passages in books—Tennyson's poem 'The Northern Farmer,' for instance—moved him to tears. FitzGerald had an excellent library, many of his books being in half-calf, green with red label, the work of Mr. Fox, the Woodbridge bookbinder. He cared nothing for first editions, unless they were presentation copies from friends; was not particular about bindings, and preferred a volume that could be held in the hand to a quarto or a folio. On his shelves were copies of the leading English, French, Spanish, and Greek dramatists, many of the English poets and novelists, four editions

¹ In December 1876 he was reading *Clarissa Harlowe* for the fifth time.

² His favourite was *Can You Forgive Her?*

of *Don Quixote*, a number of the French essayists and letter-writers, including several editions of Madame de Sévigné, and some works on Art and Music.

Meanwhile Spedding had at last brought his Herculean labours to a conclusion. The *Bacon* was finished.

155. Spedding finishes Bacon. After completing the first two volumes he had begun to lose interest in it, and to see that it had lasted too long; his eyes and his memory were beginning to fail him, and composition became irksome. However, after a year's rest, his ardour revived; and the fourteenth and last volume left the press in 1874. It is a monumental work—a mine to which all who wish to study Bacon must carry their picks and spades; but a work of art it is not. Moreover, as Archdeacon Allen, Dr. Thompson, FitzGerald, and other well-wishers and friends of the author agreed, 'Spedding had established that view of Bacon's character which Spedding wished to dissipate.' He had not succeeded in whitewashing his Blackamoor, who, indeed, if anything, seemed a trifle darker than before. FitzGerald, who thought Spedding ought to have devoted his genius to Shakespeare instead of to Bacon, said, 'I always look upon old Spedding's as one of the most wasted lives I know.' Carlyle, however, found the *Bacon* 'a most creditable and even surprising book, offering the most perfect and complete image both of Bacon and of Spedding. . . . There is a grim strength in Spedding, quietly, very quietly invincible, which I did not quite know of till this book: and in all ways I could congratulate the indefatigably patient, placidly invincible, and victorious Spedding.'

About this time FitzGerald lost his old Bedfordshire friend the Rev. William Airy, who had been vicar of Keysoe for thirty-eight years.

FitzGerald, whom we have at different times followed to Stratford, Bemerton, and Kenilworth, was a strenuous advocate of pilgrimages to literary shrines; and in July 1874 he effected a long contemplated pilgrimage to Scotland, only for the purpose of seeing Abbotsford and some of the

156. Three
days in Scot-
land. Death
of Peter
(Feb. 1875).

other haunts of Sir Walter Scott. Instead of a 'rather Cockney castle' which he expected, he found a substantial and stately edifice with grounds well and simply laid out; and Tweed—'that dear Tweed'—'running and murmuring still, as on the day of his death.' With the Trossachs he was disappointed, but he worshipped for their association the Pentlands and Cheviots, and then, though only three days had passed, hurried home to his old, flat, dull Suffolk. On his return he had some hours in London, and looked in at the Academy; and in 1875 was visiting Lowestoft again, calling on Posh, and sending to Woodbridge friends hampers of Lowestoft's famous saffron buns. Posh was in great trouble owing to the loss of a child, and FitzGerald referred to the event in one of his letters to Miss Anna Biddell. He thus comments on Miss Biddell's reply: 'She has written me such a brave, pious word in return. . . . She thinks I should speak to Fletcher . . . and bid him take this opportunity to regain his *self-respect*.'¹

In 1902 I called on Miss Anna Biddell at Ipswich, and I shall not soon forget her tall, slight, and stately form, her silvery hair and deliberate speech (caught, perhaps, from those old literary gatherings at her mother's), and the simple but heartfelt way in which she spoke of her old friend and mentor. 'Put in your book,' said she, 'that Edward FitzGerald taught Miss Anna Biddell more than any other person she ever knew, and more than any

¹ Letter to Mr. Frederick Spalding in *Two Suffolk Friends*.

book. He was a grand man for a young person to be acquainted with. When I was a girl he took a pleasure in directing my studies and encouraging me, not only to read the best books, but to ponder what I had read.'

In February 1875 occurred at Bournemouth the death of Peter FitzGerald, his last distinguishable words being the name of his brother Edward thrice repeated. He was a kindly, tender-hearted man, with the conversation of a little child, and he died in his adopted Roman Catholic faith.

At the end of the year FitzGerald was asked to join in celebrating Carlyle's eightieth birthday with the presentation of a gold medal showing Carlyle's effigy, and a congratulatory address. Though he disliked the idea, and was surprised that 'such mummery' was not ridiculous to Carlyle, he consented out of good nature. Nor did his name, as he had devoutly hoped, arrive too late for insertion. The project being carried out, Carlyle, 'the skinless old man,' who had but five more years to live, recognising 'that kindness had lain at the heart of every part of it,' expressed himself gratified, and FitzGerald did not even, as he had threatened, apologise for joining in the act.

Three other events of a very diverse character interested FitzGerald this year: first, the news that there was being exhibited in the Paris Salon a picture representing his friends Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, painted by their friend Fantin Latour¹; secondly, a letter from Mrs. W. Kenworthy Browne to the effect that her eldest son, Elliott, had entered the Church, married and settled in Hampshire, and that her younger son, Gerald (FitzGerald's godson), had joined the army; and thirdly, the

¹ See *The Studio*, 15th January 1902, 'The Art of Fantin Latour,' by Antonin Proust.

157. The
Carlyle Medal,
4th December
1875.

FIRST YEARS AT LITTLE GRANGE 161

murder of Harriet Lane by Wainwright. The last, though lacking in subtlety and picturesqueness, and therefore little to his liking, carried him back to the 'two great murders' of his early recollections—those of Fualdès and Weare.

CHAPTER XIX

FANNY KEMBLE

JANUARY 1876-1879

Bibliography

32. *Agamemnon*, 2nd edition, 1876.
33. 'Effigy' contributions to the *Ipswich Journal* (1877 and 1878):—
 1. 'Limb,' No. 7.
 2. 'Rev. John Carter of Bramford,' No. 7.
 3. 'Duzzy,' No. 19.
 4. 'East Anglian Query,' No. 21.
 5. 'Norfolk Superstition,' No. 22.
 6. 'Major Moor, David Hume, and the *Royal George*,' No. 23.
 7. 'Suffolk Minstrelsy,' No. 50.
34. 'Notes on Charles Lamb' (written 1878).
35. *Salaman and Absal*, 3rd edition; and *Omar Khayyam*, 4th edition.
36. *Readings in Crabbe*, 1st edition.

By this time Fanny Kemble had become one of FitzGerald's principal correspondents. He had, as we have seen, long known and admired her, though he never cared for her acting, and had even introduced her, on a memorable occasion, to a Woodbridge audience. We find him writing to her on 4th July 1871, and then follows a long and almost continuous series of letters extending to within three weeks of his death. Mrs. Kemble had divided her middle life between London and the Alps, for which she used to set out punctually on the 1st of June every year, returning just as punctually on the 1st of September. Her cheerfulness, originality, and wit impressed all who knew her :

she sang within-doors and afield, and the guides, with whom she was popular, described her exquisitely as 'la dame qui va chantant par les montagnes.' At sixty-five, however (her age at this time), she had given up mountain climbing. FitzGerald, who noticed that the stageyness of her manner, which previously spoilt her, had worn off, observes, 'A more honest, truthful, generous, and constant woman I never knew—I am sure she has a sincere regard for me, or she would not say so.' In her 'Gossip,' which in 1875 appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*, she inserted reminiscences of FitzGerald and his mother, speaking so eulogistically of the former that he (modest man) pasted white paper over the passage in his own copy, and asked her to delete it should the 'Gossip' reach book-form¹—a request she complied with. One sentence ran: 'A poet, a painter' (here FitzGerald must have blushed scarlet), 'a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries.' 'Oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble,' commented FitzGerald, 'your sincere old regard for my family and myself has made you say more of one of us, at least, than the world will care to be told.' When FitzGerald mentioned to his brother John the compliment that Mrs. Kemble had paid to the family, John expressed himself interested, and observed that he still possessed the miniature² of Mrs. Charles Kemble which had belonged

¹ Eight volumes of Mrs. Kemble's very wordy and loosely written Gossip and Letters have appeared:

Record of a Girlhood, 3 vols., 1878.

Records of Later Life, 3 vols., 1882.

Further Records, 2 vols., 1890.

² See chapter i.

to his mother, and that he should like Fanny Kemble to have it. A few days later he forwarded it to Edward, who at once sent it to its destination. 'It is a full-length figure,' writes Mrs. Kemble, 'very beautifully painted, and very like my mother.'

In 1876, FitzGerald having lost Reader No. 3, provided himself with another, W. P. Fox, son of the Woodbridge bookbinder, a smart, bright lad, whom he called, on account of his punctuality, 'The Ghost,' and on account of the excellence of his reading, 'My Prince of Readers.'¹ Fox, who during the day-time learned bookbinding with his father, was expected to be present every evening at 7.30. They generally began with the magazines—*Cornhill*, *Chambers's Journal*, etc., and after refreshment turned to what FitzGerald called the '*pièce de résistance*,' a novel by Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, while one winter they went through Pepys's *Diary*. They always helped themselves to the 'grub' (FitzGerald invariably used this word) at the pantry, so as to avoid disturbing Mr. and Mrs. Howe. One autumn evening, Archdeacon Groome being present, they discovered after their return from the pantry that the fire was nearly out. FitzGerald scuttled back for some sugar, but in his absence Fox and the Archdeacon, having fallen on their knees, managed, by means of bits of paper tucked between the bars and much blowing, to rekindle it; and on hearing his footsteps again scrambled back to their chairs, that he might not know. Though there was an excellent blaze he threw his sugar into the fire, affecting not to see that there was no necessity for it; and during the rest of the evening much fun was made

¹ Authorities—letters from W. P. Fox and C. J. Fox to me, October 1902; and other sources.

by each claiming to have restored the fire. Thus little things amuse great men. Once FitzGerald lost his spectacles, and when Fox asked whether he should help look for them, he replied petulantly, 'No ; I suppose that is the way I shall get to heaven, searching for what I cannot find.' On another occasion he said : 'I hope my end will be sudden—a flash of lightning, or something as rapid.' 'The Ghost' read for three years—until 1879—when he flitted to London ; and his brother Charles, FitzGerald's fifth and last Woodbridge reader, gibbered in his stead.

In September, Alfred Tennyson, 'shy beast' though he was, who liked 'to keep in his own burrow,' and his son Hallam were at Woodbridge, having planned a visit to Little Grange. On getting out of the train and asking for the residence of Mr. Edward FitzGerald, they were directed to a house in Seckford Street, where resided an Edward FitzGerald certainly, superintendent of the county police, who was much better known in unlettered Woodbridge than our FitzGerald. The policeman, however, politely took them to the right house, and Tennyson, after scribbling in pencil on a visiting-card, 'Dear old Fitz, I am passing through and am here,' handed it to the red 'Fairy God-mother.' The occasion—they had not met for twenty years—was a delightful one to both FitzGerald and Tennyson : they talked about their college and London days, went over the same old grounds of debate, and told the old stories. Little Grange not being in a condition to receive guests, FitzGerald delivered over his friends to the excellent mercies of John Grout the Great, the mighty horse-dealer and host of the Bull Hotel. John Grout, though one of the notabilities of Woodbridge (he sold horses to emperors and kings), was a modest and

160. Alfred
Tennyson at
Little Grange.

retiring man, who, if he had sprung from nothing, had caught up and adopted the politenesses of the refined people among whom his business frequently brought him. His house was as famous as he, chiefly on account of a special kind of punch, a bowl of which he used to send FitzGerald every Christmas eve; and its popularity may be judged by one of FitzGerald's stock sayings, 'Don't let this go to the Bull!' On the morrow FitzGerald took his guests, in unpropitious weather, to Ipswich by steamer, showed himself affectionate, genial, and humorous, and assured them that Posh was, on the whole, the greatest man in the world. On their return, seated under a garden tree at Little Grange, his grey locks raised by the breeze, his doves flitting and cooing about him and planting their rosy feet on shoulder, hand, or knee, FitzGerald unbosomed on men, the universe, and vegetarianism; and half in earnest, half in fun, endeavoured to convert his guest to his own ideas. Tennyson, though charmed with and fascinated by the dry humour of the melancholy recluse, sympathised neither with what Peele calls 'grisly abstinence' nor vegetarianism; and FitzGerald asseverated that, despite the twenty years' gap, there seemed to have been not a day's interval. One incident of the visit was Tennyson's distress on reading a newspaper paragraph to the effect that he would not allow Longfellow to quote from his poems, and he wrote to Longfellow then and there a kindly note. FitzGerald was still of opinion that Tennyson should have written nothing after 1842, 'leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls, etc., all unborn,' and with his customary outspokenness he told Tennyson so. He also thought that if Tennyson had lived an active life like Scott and Shakespeare he would have done much more and talked about it less. It was this talking so much

about his work that led FitzGerald to rank Tennyson for real greatness below Posh. John Grout the Great subsequently asked FitzGerald the name and status of his distinguished guest, and, on being told, expressed surprise that so important a post as the Laureateship should have fallen to a man who knew so little about 'hosses.'

In October 1876 FitzGerald was at Lowestoft, in the same old room in Marine Terrace, with the same dull sea moaning before him and the same wind screaming through the windows.

It was pleasant, however, and reminiscent of former days, to see the *Meum and Tuum* come bouncing into harbour with the company flag at her mast-^{161. Posh} head, 'L. T. 244' on her mainsail, and the ^{again.} familiar black and yellow hull; and to meet Posh again—that 'great captain,' looking, 'as always, too big for his house, but always grand and polite.' It was herring season; the masts of the luggers, which were packed closely in the harbour, looked like a forest, whilst the fish-wharf was scarcely traversable owing to herrings in heaps, herrings in barrels, men wheeling herrings, men pumping water on you, thrusting trolleys against you, elbowing you—paying you, indeed, every conceivable attention. Boxes, ice, salt, auctioneers, hampers, hammering, mariners in tan jumpers or guernseys, boxes of plaice with vermilion spots. Under the red sails and smoke of the luggers the men are as busy as bees, filling baskets with the glittering heaps on their decks, and passing them by means of pulleys to other men on the wharf. Broken fish lie about in the dirt; everything is fishy, silvery, slimy, wet. Lowestoft is happy. No talking in the daytime now to Posh—he is too busy, up to his eyes, like everybody else, in herrings. The *Meum and Tuum* was not looking much the worse for

the 'slite'—wear and tear—of something under ten years, and Posh now sold it for £340, or only £20 less than it had originally cost, and bought a Scotch keel, the *Henrietta*. 'Her,' says FitzGerald, 'too, I see, and him too, steering her, broader and taller than all the rest, fit to be a leader of men, body and soul, looking Ulysses-like.' In January 1877 FitzGerald is still full of his Great Man and his Great Man's lugger, house, dog, cat, bird, brother, father, mother, wife, and baby. 'The man is royal, though with the faults of the ancient Vikings. His glory is somewhat marred, but he looks every inch a king.' In short, notwithstanding his inability to turn from the attractions of the tavern, he continued to be the greatest man FitzGerald had known, an archangel still, though, as Lamb would have said, 'a little damaged.'

The year 1877 began with sadness, day after day the toll, toll of St. Mary's church telling of the departure of some neighbour; and in May FitzGerald lost his old boatman West, and with him nearly all his interest in the long-loved Deben. In June he is writing to Fitz-Edward Hall to defend the use of the word 'reliable,' which most good writers have given up for 'trustworthy'; and later he is corresponding with Charles Merivale (Dean of Ely) and saying that some one ought to garner Merivale's 'table-talk and letter-talk.'

During 1877 and 1878 he contributed to the 'Suffolk Notes and Queries' column of the *Ipswich Journal* a series
 162. The of notes, chiefly on subjects of local interest,
 'Effigy' Con- all of which he signed 'Effigy' (= E. F. G.).
 tributions to A list of them is given at the head of the
 the 'Ipswich present chapter. The editor of the column
 Journal.' was Francis Hindes Groome¹ (son of the Archdeacon);

¹ F. H. Groome subsequently wrote for the *Athenaeum*, and contributed to Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. He was author of *Two Suffolk Friends* (the friends

and Captain Brooke, W. Aldis Wright, and E. B. Cowell also contributed, though Mr. F. H. Groome and his father, under many *aliases*, wrote two-thirds of the whole. Of these contributions, and the replies that followed, the most interesting are Nos. 4 and 6. The explanation of the rhyme—

‘He who would all England win
At Weybourne Hoope¹ must first begin,’

is, we learn, that at this part of the shore the water is so deep that large ships might easily disembark troops; while in No. 6 FitzGerald corrects a misstatement in Burton’s *Life of David Hume*,² and refers to the fact that Major Moor saw the *Royal George* go down.

Meantime there was sad news from Boulge Hall—Maurice FitzGerald, John’s younger son, a scholar and, like his illustrious uncle, a translator, having come home to die. Maurice FitzGerald’s versions of *The Crowned Hippolytus* of Euripides, etc. (published in 1867), were praised by the critics, but, sharing the family diffidence, he made much less use than he might of his undoubted talents. He was buried at Seaford, in Sussex. Gerald, the elder son, turned Roman Catholic, to the great grief of his father, whose whole life, as we know, had been a protest against Roman Catholicism. Gerald’s health also gave way, but he was to survive his father, though only by a month.

being Archdeacon Groome and Edward FitzGerald), published by Blackwood in 1895. This work is useful to students of FitzGerald, as it contains not only some interesting chapters on FitzGerald, but also *The Only Darter*, by the Archdeacon—‘the Suffolk idyll’ so often praised by FitzGerald. F. H. Groome died in February 1902.

¹ Weybourne, village in Norfolk, nine miles west of Cromer.

² *The Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, by J. Hill Burton, 2 vols., 1846.

This year (1878) Fanny Kemble, who, to use her own words, had reached 'the garrulous time of life,' published in three volumes the first of her series of *Letters, Record of a Girlhood*, but no event of the year interested FitzGerald (long, as we have seen, a strenuous advocate of cremation) so much as the establishment of the Cremation Society, and their purchase of ground for a crematorium at Woking.¹

Among FitzGerald's correspondents was his old Cambridge contemporary, Lord Houghton² (Monckton Milnes) called from his literary tastes and love of the society of men of letters 'The Victorian Mæcenas,' and from his serenity and smiling self-sufficiency 'The Cool of the Evening'—names which clung to him like burrs. An amiable and cultured man, Lord Houghton was never so happy as when surrounded by men who had distinguished themselves, whether artists, politicians, or poets—especially poets. Indeed he was a sort of poet himself—wrote, for example, some lines on 'Cowper's Grave at Olney,' which in the opinion of the fastidious are spoilt by the trifling circumstance that Cowper was not buried at Olney. Though FitzGerald's dislike to company kept him from Lord Houghton's famous breakfast-table, where, to use an old Assyrian expression, 'the gods gathered like flies,' he corresponded from time to time with Lord Houghton, and on 8th April 1872 wrote to say that he had just been reading his lordship's second edition of *The Life, Letters, and Remains of John Keats*. 'I wonder,' he observes, 'Messrs. Browning, Morris, Rossetti, etc., can read Keats's hastiest doggerel and not be ashamed at

¹ See chapter xxii.

² Richard Monckton Milnes, born 1809; created a peer in 1863; died 1885. His *Life*, by T. Wemyss Reid, appeared in 1891.

being trumpeted as great poets by the *Athenæum* and elsewhere.' FitzGerald considered Tennyson inferior to Keats, but superior to Browning, and in a later letter (April 12 of the same year) he mourned the fact that Tennyson had since 1842 become more an artist than a poet.

On 30th April 1878 he sends to Lord Houghton a chronological outline of the 'Life of Charles Lamb,'¹ and says, 'I drew it for myself, because I often find myself puzzled about the dates in the dear fellow's life; . . . then I thought that some others would like such a 'Côtelette d'Agneau à la Minute,' as Pollock calls it. . . . I am told that the present generation sneers at Charles Lamb. I suppose a natural revolt from their predecessors, *us* who love him so well. But his turn will come again, I feel sure'²—a prophecy which, thanks to the labours of Canon Ainger and others, has since been verified. Elsewhere the 'Côtelette' is styled 'Some Stepping-Stones in dear Charles Lamb.'

Mr. Aldis Wright has a number of FitzGerald's scrap-books, each with the well-known book-plate—an angel holding a shield. FitzGerald's manner was to take the leaves containing passages that struck him from various works, and to bind the whole of these selected leaves with pictures and other insertions into volumes, which he facetiously called his 'works.' Several relate to Lamb (one being entitled 'Portraits of Lamb')—Crabb Robinson and many other authors being led to the sacrifice. To Dr. Johnson, another of his enthusiasms, he devoted Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Madame Piozzi's Anecdotes, Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes, and Fanny Burney's Streat-ham Diary, portions of these being pieced together to

¹ See FitzGerald's *Miscellanies* (Macmillan), p. 178.

² *Life of Lord Houghton*.

form one volume. FitzGerald was very anxious that Mr. Aldis Wright should write Lamb's life, but owing to other and more pressing literary demands the matter was never taken in hand.

In February 1879 FitzGerald, enveloped in his green plaid-shawl, ran up to London to see Edwin Edwards, who was sinking slowly to his grave; 'ferreted out Mowbray Donne,' son of W. B. Donne, 'from Somerset House,' and dropped in at the Lyceum to see Irving play *Hamlet*.¹ FitzGerald, who was standing at the pit door, listened with impatience, for the characterisation thoroughly displeased him. He endured two acts, but when Irving got to 'Something too much of this,'² he shouted across the theatre, 'A good deal too much,' and then, indignant old Roman, strode out, shawl and all, into the street.

FitzGerald's melancholy increased with his years. It was a custom with Mr. Alfred Smith never to neglect to visit Little Grange on FitzGerald's birthday, but on 31st March 1879 he received a note from Little Grange running, 'Don't come to-day. It's no good wishing a man happy returns at seventy.'

This year (1879) appeared, bound in one volume, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, fourth edition, and the *Salaman and Absal*, third edition—
 164. Omar Khayyam, Fourth Edition. 'my two Siamese Persians,' as FitzGerald calls them. *The Rubaiyat* differs little from the third edition, but the *Salaman and Absal* 'is cut down about a quarter,' and, as FitzGerald thought, very much improved.

It had long been the ambition of FitzGerald, whose admiration for the poet Crabbe had year after year in-

¹ A great favourite with FitzGerald. It will be remembered that he took from it the title for one of his works, *Polonius*.

² Act III. Scene 2.

creased, to publish a selection from the *Tales of the Hall*, Crabbe's principal work, the extracts to be connected with a few words of prose. As far back as 1865, indeed, he had, by the medium of Donne, sounded Murray on the subject, but unsuccessfully, though this did not discourage him from putting his idea into execution and making the abridgment. An article in *Cornhill*,¹ in which the author calls Crabbe a 'Pope in worsted stockings,' raised FitzGerald's fierce indignation. 'Pope in worsted stockings!' exclaims FitzGerald; 'why, I could cite whole paragraphs of as fine a texture as Molière; "incapable of epigram" the jackanape says,—why, I could find fifty of the very best epigrams in five minutes.' Instead of railing at the earlier poems of Crabbe, who ripened late, people, he said, should read the *Tales of the Hall*. In December 1876 he expressed to Professor C. E. Norton a wish that some American publisher would take in hand his abridgment; but nothing came of that hint either. No one, he complained, would let him do the one thing he could do. So finally he resolved to bring it out at his own expense, comforting himself with the reflection that, even if nobody else cared about it, he would, to use the family saying, have done 'his little owl.'²

The order was given for three hundred and fifty copies, and on March 16, 1879, he could cry, 'My Crabbe is printing. Hurrah, boys! . . . Old Jem [Spedding] reads proofs, and tells me of a blunder here and there.' By the 18th of May it had left the press,³ and copies were

¹ October 1874. The article is not signed. FitzGerald said he hoped it was not by Leslie Stephen.

² See chapter i.

³ It contained fourteen pages of Introduction, etc., two hundred and forty-two pages of text, and was issued in green cloth boards, lettered 'Crabbe.'

in the hands of 'Phrederikos Pollokos' (W. F. Pollock), 'Miladi' (Mrs. Cowell), and 'half a dozen others.' Says FitzGerald, 'I had some pleasure in doing my little work very dexterously, I thought; and I did wish to draw a few readers to one of my favourite books which nobody reads.' As this occupation gave FitzGerald pleasure, one hesitates before expressing regret that he gave himself over to it, and yet is it not distressing to see a man of genius wasting his time making scrap-books? Robin Goodfellow, the poets tell us, used to pinch sleepy maidens, upset their milk-cans, and tangle their thread—what a pity he never paid a visit to Little Grange and hid FitzGerald's scissors and spilt his paste!

Abridgments are suitable only for children, and we would rather, despite its desert regions, read the complete Crabbe than FitzGerald's selections. On the other hand, for FitzGerald's strenuous and spirited defence of Crabbe one cannot be too grateful; and we sincerely trust that in the next edition of Crabbe's works FitzGerald's appreciative comments, and his remarks about the passages that pleased him in the *Tales of the Hall*, will find place. To a few of these we will draw attention.

The *Tales of the Hall* consists of a number of stories supposed to be told by two brothers, who meet late in life at the hall or manor-house of their native village, which had become the property of the elder. These stories abound in minute character-painting, sly humour, and descriptive passages that recall the faithful and delicate work of Goldsmith and Cowper. Very delightful to FitzGerald were Crabbe's three beautiful descriptions of a day in autumn. The first is in Book iv., where the younger brother, Richard, records his adventures. It closes with—

'While the dead foliage dropped from loftier trees,
Our Squire beheld not with his wonted ease ;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud, "Yes ! doubtless we must die."'

The second, beginning 'There was a day, ere yet the autumn closed,' is in Book XI., the *Maid's Story* ; the third, beginning 'Early he rose,' in Book XIII., *Delay has Danger*.

That is a pleasant story of the *Preceptor Husband* who tries to teach his pretty wife botany. 'My love,' says he, after many a long and learned word, 'attend !'—

'I do,' said she, 'but when will be the end?'

This, however, excited the interest of FitzGerald less than the *Old Bachelor* and the *Maid's Story*, which were his principal favourites, and he often quoted them both in his letters and his conversation. The following, for example, was often on his lips—

'Yes, I had made a book, but that my pride
In the not making was more gratified' ;

and once when, after coming jauntily through a sharp winter, he was worsted by a north-easter in May, he compared himself to the poor soldier in the *Old Bachelor*—

'When the battle raged
The man escaped, though twice or thrice engaged ;
But when it ended, in a quiet spot
He fell the victim of a random shot.'

When, owing to the weakness of his eyes, he hardly knew how to get through the day, he was reminded of the last two lines of the same poem—

'And hence arises ancient men's report
That days are tedious, and yet years are short.'

He quoted the *Maid's Story* when he reflected that his collection of Thackeray's drawings was probably sold for waste paper at the time of his father's bankruptcy—

‘That ring . . .
That to the wedded finger almost grew,
Was sold for six and sixpence to a Jew.’

Naturally, however, he preferred the inner tale of the *Maid's Story* to that which encompasses it—the tale of the lady who declared positively that she would never marry, but, overcome by noisy familiarity, fervour, determination, and gold, does marry nevertheless. Other favourites with him were *Sir Owen Dale*, with its moving centric narrative of the farmer who offered asylum to his unfaithful wife; and he often quoted two lines which appear in the original MS., but were not printed by Crabbe—

‘The shapeless purpose of a soul that feels,
And half suppresses rage, and half reveals,’

and also the following from *Delay has Danger*—

‘But man with woman has foundation laid,
And built up friendship, ere a word is said.’

Among the other passages that appealed to him were the closing lines of the slipshod, rambling story called *Smugglers and Poachers*.

‘So Rachel thinks, the pure, the good, the meek,
Whose outward acts the inner purpose speak;
As men will children at their sports behold,
And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold—
Smile at the recollected games, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men:
So Rachel looks upon the world, and sees
It cannot longer pain her, longer please,
But just detain the passing thought, or cause
A gentle smile of pity or applause;
And then the recollected soul repairs
Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs.’

FitzGerald, however, expresses most admiration for the last story of all, the *Visit Concluded*, in which the elder brother surprises the younger by the gift of a house and grounds which were to keep them close neighbours for ever. Says the elder—

‘Here on that lawn your boys and girls shall run
And gambol, when the daily task is done ;
From yonder window shall their mother view
The happy tribe, and smile at all they do ;
While you, more gravely hiding your delight,
Shall cry, “Oh, childish !” and enjoy the sight.’

The last days of John FitzGerald were as thick with troubles as his park was with cowslips. The very stars in their courses seemed to fight against him.

In every way he was thwarted. From his youth he had protested against Ritualism and Romanism ; but, as we have seen, was obliged to taste the bitterness of seeing one of the most advanced Ritualists of the day installed in his church, a stone’s throw from his own door. We have also noticed the sorrow with which he heard of the conversion of his elder son to Romanism. There were other family troubles—painful troubles—on which we need not dwell, and these, together with his own lavish liberality, caused him so much pecuniary anxiety that at last he decided to sell the Boulge estate. A purchaser was found at the price of £24,000, and John FitzGerald signed the agreement ; but next morning, regret for what he had done having worked him almost into a fever, he ordered his carriage, and drove post-haste to the house of the purchaser. ‘My dear sir,’ he gasped, ‘I have not had a wink of sleep since I sold dear old Boulge, so you must let me off. I can never, never part with it.’ The purchaser generously tore up the agreement, and Boulge remained John FitzGerald’s

166. Death of
John Fitz-
Gerald,
4th May 1879.

till his death—which, however, was not a great while ahead.

Early in 1879 he was seized with a painful disorder from which he had little hope of recovery. He could still, however, go about the house in a chair on wheels, and sometimes took drives; but his agonising sufferings, which he bore with Christian resignation, led him to long for 'the life without sin and pain.'

To his friend the Rev. H. Andrews, minister of the Quay Chapel, Woodbridge, he wrote (5th April 1879):—

'It has been, and apparently is, our Gracious Father's will that I should close my earthly journey under one of the most severe disorders. I am, in fact, never free from pain—often it is agonising. I cannot but feel a measure of chastisement for sin in these stripes. But I see and hear, in every pang, the voice of my Beloved saying, "Come along!" The Shepherd who gave His life is waiting to take His bruised ones to His fold. . . . A few more days of throbbing, and then, as dear old Watts says, "Clasped in my Heavenly Father's arms." My desire is to depart (or loose) from earth and to be with Christ, if I can do no more good on earth.'

'My brother,' writes Edward (25th April), 'keeps waiting—and hoping—for death: which will not come. Perhaps Providence would have let it come sooner, were he not rich enough to keep a doctor in the house, to keep him in misery.'¹

To William Marjoram, John FitzGerald, in a most affectionate and Christian letter, said: 'I am sure you have had very much to bear in my peculiar character. I commit you and your dear ones to the love and mercy of Jesus Christ.' His sufferings continued another month, and then the end came (4th May 1879).

¹ To Fanny Kemble (Bentley).

'My poor brother,' remarked Edward, 'died very suddenly. In fact he had ordered his carriage, intending to take a drive.' For Miss Thornton, William Marjoram,¹ Swaine, and others he made generous provision by will. On the whole, as we have seen, the two Antipholuses had been excellent friends; for if, owing to their dissimilar religious ideas, they had differences when they met, on the other hand, these differences were forgotten soon after they parted. Though aware that he would always be welcome, Edward had not for twelve years entered Boulge Hall, but until John became an invalid, the brothers very often met in Woodbridge. The funeral took place on Saturday, May 10th, and a great number of persons, many of whom had been recipients of John FitzGerald's bounty, attended. After a hymn, 'Oh, think of the home over there!' sung in the library, Miss Thornton, the blind lady, being at the organ and leading the singing, the coffin was carried to the church, where the service was conducted (so the contrary Fates decreed) by the Ritualistic Rev. F. Joplin and the Rev. Dr. William Tate, rector of Bredfield, and then lowered into the family mausoleum. There was an Edward FitzGerald present, but he was the police superintendent. *The* Edward FitzGerald did not go, though he admitted that he had no reason for staying away except his general detestation of funerals and all their ceremony, and that his conduct in this instance was indefensible. 'We were very good friends,' commented Edward, 'of very different ways of thinking.'

John FitzGerald had, as we remarked, by his first wife three children, Olivia, Gerald, and Maurice. Olivia died in infancy; Gerald outlived his father by one month. Maurice, who died eighteen months before his father,

¹ Marjoram, who had been in his service fourteen years, says: 'I missed him more than any other man I ever knew.'

left a son Gerald, who now resides in California, and two daughters. John FitzGerald's second wife¹ survived her husband nine years. She died 14th January 1888 at the age of eighty-five. After the death of John FitzGerald some of the family estates were sold, including Boulge, which was bought by Mr. Holmes White. Castle Irwell fell to the Roman Catholics—another irony of Fate—who used it as a training-college, but finally it became dilapidated and was taken down by the Manchester Race-Course Company, who have since also levelled the mound on which it stood and made their new course on the site.

In June, Edward FitzGerald was inviting James Russell Lowell to Woodbridge. 'I never make any fuss with guests,' he told him, 'but just put a fowl in the pot (as Don Quixote's *ama* might do),' and 'hire a shandrydan or a boat.' The windy summer-house on his 'quarter-deck' became more than ever his resort. There he mused in solitude, talked with learned friends, listened to the scream of Keene's bagpipes, and treated his sailor associates to generous potations, and Keene to brandy-balls, of which sweet the artist-humorist was so fond that FitzGerald had to send him parcels of them from Woodbridge to London. Keene always declared that no brandy-balls could be found anywhere equal to those made at Woodbridge. In August, FitzGerald was with Cowell at Lowestoft, and the two read the second part of *Don Quixote* together as they had done thirty years previous. 'He,' says FitzGerald, 'always the teacher, and I the pupil, although he is quite unaware of that relation between us—indeed, rather reverses it.'

They play as well as work. Some passage in the dear

167. Death of Edwin Edwards (15th September 1879) and Andalusia FitzGerald (11th December 1879).

¹ Hester, daughter of Mr. William Haddon. She was a 'Plymouth sister.'

book leads Cowell off into Sanskrit, Persian, or Job, for all are applied. Duenna Rodriguez's reference to her age¹ led Cowell to tell a story of an old lady who persisted in remaining at fifty, till being told (by Cowell's mother) that she could not be elected to a charity because of not being sixty-four, she said 'she thought she could manage it'; and the Professor shook with laughter 'not loud but deep, from the centre.'²

Cowell, whose passion for botany is as strong as it was in the Bramford days, searches everywhere for uncommon flowers, coveting above all things a Roman nettle,³ and rejoicing when he finds a treasure, 'like the great boy he is.' He is incapable, however, of seeing 'the fine turns of humour, pathos, and epigrammatic wit' in Crabbe, 'till separately pointed out to him.'

The death of Browne had closed Bedford to FitzGerald; the death of Mrs. Kerrich, Geldestone; and now another of his favourite haunts, Dunwich, was to be numbered among his 'regrets.' It had been very pleasant to him summer after summer to run down to his little and inconvenient lodging at Dunwich, and wander on the cliff by the old priory ruins with Edwin Edwards, 'the brave boy but indifferent painter,' his 'heroic wife,' and bagpipe- and brandy-ball-loving Keene; to talk with them about the north-country monks who brought thither the poor little Dunwich rose, and to lie on the grass listening to the robins among the priory ivy-tods. But Edwards's health had been gradually declining, and news now came from

168. A visit to
Mrs. Kemble,
October 1879.

¹ *Don Quixote*, Part II. Chap. xlviii., Bohn's edition, vol. ii. p. 350.—
"What! I a tool for any one!" cried the matron. "I find you do not know me, sir. I am not so old yet, to be reduced to such poor employments. I have flesh still about me, heaven be praised, and all my teeth in my head, except some few which the rheums, so rife in this country of Aragon, have robbed me of."

² *The Letters*.

³ *Urtica pilulifera*.

London that he was on his deathbed. He died on the 15th of September. FitzGerald, who had heard at about the same time the news of the death of Mrs. Kemble's sister Adelaide (Mrs. Sartoris),¹ resolved, despite his 'inveterate stay-at-home-iveness,' to make a journey to London and call on both Mrs. Kemble, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and Mrs. Edwards, with the intention of doing his *petit possible* to solace both those bereaved ladies.

He took with him (his usual custom when leaving home) several books, between the pages of which (another custom) he had placed a number of bank notes for general expenses.²

Mrs. Kemble was now a 'grey-headed, dumpy, and disgracefully dress-loving old woman' (her own words) of near seventy, with a passion, like FitzGerald, for gorgeous colours, especially violet, and in her room there was violet almost everywhere—cushions, curtains, carpets, all betraying her predilection. Sometimes she wore at her breast a 'George,' the size of the palm of one's hand, an exact counterpart of the insignia of a Knight of the Garter, except that gold took the place of brilliants—a ridiculous present to her (but one which she prized, nevertheless) from admirers in America. She and FitzGerald, despite the melancholy of the occasion, spent some pleasant hours together and talked about old times; their common friends Malkin, Spedding, and Donne; and their common literary favourites Shakespeare, Crabbe, and Tennyson.

The meeting with Mrs. Edwards touched him deeply.

¹ Adelaide Sartoris, distinguished as an operatic performer, retired from the stage on her marriage. She wrote *A Week in a French Country House* (1867), and *Medusa and other Tales* (1868).

² After his death some thirty pounds in notes were found in various volumes on a shelf near the head of his bed at Merton rectory.

The poor lady seemed wellnigh inconsolable. She said she had nothing to live for now that her 'Old dear' was gone, and one day when she went down to Woking to see his grave she did not wish to come back. By and by she opened in Bond Street an exhibition of her husband's works; but as FitzGerald, who, though he loved the man could see no merit in his pictures, had expected, it proved a failure.

In December 1879 FitzGerald lost his sister Andalusia (Mrs. De Soyres), who died at Exeter. Of seven brothers and sisters, six—Mary Frances, John, Peter, Andalusia, Eleanor (Mrs. Kerrich), and Isabella (Mrs. Vignati)—were now dead.¹ There remained of the family only himself and his sister Jane (Mrs. Wilkinson).

Early in the new year he paid another visit to Mrs. Kemble, and a little later read and praised her *Record of a Girlhood* (3 vols., 1878).

As we have said, FitzGerald, after the death of a friend, regarded the town where that friend had lived as closed to him—as a cemetery. He still, however, congratulated himself that none whom he had loved had been drowned; and he was always fearing lest one or another of his sailor friends 'should go down into the deep' and 'blacken that too' in his eyes. But from this blow he was spared.

Mrs. FitzGerald had now settled at 1 Addiscombe Grove, Croydon, where she continued to reside during the remainder of her life. The little red leather case containing the portrait of her husband still kept its place close to her chair, and she continued to inquire of him, though they had ceased

169. Mrs. Fitz-
Gerald at
Croydon.

¹ Mary Frances died June 1820; Mary Eleanor (Mrs. Kerrich), April 1863; Isabella (Mrs. Vignati), April 1864; Peter, February 1875; John, May 1879; Andalusia (Mrs. De Soyres), December 1879.

to correspond. FitzGerald, on his part, used occasionally, through Miss Crabbe and other common friends, to inquire after her. She was fond of chatting about her earlier days and her visits with her father to Lamb's house, and of showing the letters, which she preserved carefully in a morocco portfolio, written by Lamb to Bernard Barton.¹ On her walls were pictures by Crome, Cotman,² and Opie,³ a place of honour being given to Lawrence's portrait of her father. Over the mantelpiece hung a picture of a little boy learning to read, a gift from Charles Lamb. She wrote many letters, performed numerous acts of benevolence, and pinned her faith to the *Standard*, which she read religiously every morning. A shrewd, prim, dignified, generous, humorous, hospitable old lady—nay, even a delightful old lady if you humoured her—changed indeed scarcely a line from the Miss Lucy Barton whose severe mien shrivelled up naughty boys in the Sunday-schools at Woodbridge and Bredfield, who wrote *Bible Letters for Children*, and poured out tea for her father in the old home close to the Friends' Meeting-house.

¹ These letters may be read in the *Letters of Charles Lamb*, vol. ii, edited by Alfred Ainger (Macmillan).

² Collected by Barton. He and FitzGerald took a great interest in the East Anglian artists. John Crome (Old Crome), born at Norwich in 1768, died at Norwich in 1821. John Sell Cotman, born 1782, died 1842.—'The most gifted of the Norwich school of artists.'

³ John Opie (1761-1807). His second wife was the novelist. Mrs. Opie was for long acquainted with the Gurneys, the Quaker family with whom Mrs. FitzGerald once lived, and she became a Quaker herself in 1825. No doubt Mrs. FitzGerald was personally acquainted with her.

CHAPTER XX

THE 'ŒDIPUS'

JANUARY 1880—JULY 1881

Bibliography

37. *Temple Bar*: 'Percival Stockdale and Baldock Black Horse,' January 1880.
38. *The Downfall and Death of King Œdipus*. Chiefly taken from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Colonus* of Sophocles. The interact choruses are from Potter.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in the spring of 1857 FitzGerald made a journey to Baldock, in Herts, in order to see 'The Black Horse'—both mill and hostelry—the home of the village beauty Mary FitzJohn. On his return FitzGerald wrote a bright little antiquarian paper on the subject, 'Percival Stockdale and Baldock Black Horse,' and now, after its sleep of twenty-two years in his desk, he took it out and sent it to *Temple Bar*, where it appeared in January 1880. In April he was at Lowestoft in company with Mr. Aldis Wright, who read aloud to him *The Merchant of Venice* and *King John*; and met Professor and Mrs. Cowell—the lady 'as young in spirit as ever, and both of them very happy in themselves and each other.' In the morning the friends walked on the esplanade or the pier, and in the evening FitzGerald fell back on the alcoved bowling-green of the Suffolk and the fishy and shippy conversation of Posh, who had sacrificed that handsome beard, so often

170. Among
the Violet
Cushions
again.

FitzGerald's admiration, and now wore only a narrow semi-circular fringe under the chin. In June, FitzGerald was at Merton visiting the Rev. George Crabbe, the beauty of whose country with its thick hedges, Crome cottages of yellow clay, and red pantile roofs made him discontented with the nakedness of Woodbridge. In July, having heard from his old 'friend and flame'—the playmate of his boyhood—Mary Lynn, he wrote to ask her to meet him at Aldeburgh, that they might ramble together along that beach where, sixty years before, they had raced and paddled. She, however, had gone to Switzerland, having as intense a passion for the mountains as Fanny Kemble had, though, instead of singing on them, she sat about them, and sketched and painted them in water-colours, filling several large books.

In September, FitzGerald is again at Lowestoft, where for two months five of his nieces had been staying, and where he was one day accosted on the pier by his old friend Dean Merivale, who was accompanied by his daughter, 'a young lady, not a fast young gentleman.' Dean Merivale, archæologist, historian, and broad churchman, was a dean *sui generis*—often startling people with arch and caustic remarks both on the church and the cloth. His saying about Wherstead church will be remembered, and he once took a gathering of clergy aback by declaring that he could see no good in stained glass windows, which he asseverated were a hindrance rather than a help to worship, because they excluded the light.

With the shortening days—giving so little time when he could use his eyes—FitzGerald's melancholy and restlessness daily increase. 'Winter,' he would say, quoting an old English poet, 'wakeneth all my care.' In November he paid a third visit to Fanny Kemble and

her violet cushions, called on his 'other widow'—Mrs. Edwards—and 'Donne, ever dear,' and looked at some of the haunts of his childhood, including the beloved old Haymarket. During most of the year his health was poor, and Death, by the instrument of increasing heart trouble, gave him a definite warning.

On New Year's Day 1881 Mr. Aldis Wright, who was then editing *Henry V.* for the Clarendon Press, paid a visit to Woodbridge, where he spent the day-
 time at his literary work, and the evenings 171. Death of Carlyle, 4th February 1881.
 reading to FitzGerald Shakespeare's *Winter's*

Tale. Another great forest tree was now marked to fall—Thomas Carlyle, undoubtedly the most original writer of the nineteenth century. The Ezekiel of English literature, austere, indignant, vehement, rugged—with all the fire and picturesqueness of the Hebrew prophet—added to a humour now caustic, now saturnine, but always on the side of righteousness, Carlyle's position among our writers is surely unassailable. Whatever else dies, the *French Revolution*, the *Cromwell*, and the best of the essays must live. 'Are you very old?' a child once asked an aged man. 'Yes, my dear,' was the reply, 'but what makes you think so?' 'Because,' said the child, 'your face is so full of strokes.' Had Carlyle's age corresponded with the number and depth of the furrows in his face, it would have required to express it figures matching those in the early chapters of the Bible. The great man died on the 4th of February, and a few days later was interred at Ecclefechan. FitzGerald loved Carlyle with a deeper love than ever when he read about the simple funeral; but he expressed regret that the *Reminiscences*¹ were not kept back. He says: 'I must

¹ *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Froude, 2 vols., 1881. FitzGerald was reading his copy in March.

think Carlyle's judgments mostly or mainly true ; but that he must have "lost his head," if not when he recorded them, yet when he left them in any one's hands to decide on their publication.'

Nearly all FitzGerald's friends were now dead, dying, or fast growing old. Even that indomitable youth Captain Brooke—Le Grand Capitaine Brohoke—though his hair was as dark as ever, and though he still rode his great restive chestnut charger like some old tournament champion—even he was obliged when mounting that charger to use a chair, not owing to age, he was careful to explain, but because he had sprained his knee.

In 1880 was published the *Suffolk Stud-Book*, written by Mr. Herman Biddell for the Suffolk Horse Society—a magnificent volume, containing sketches of all the great equine folk of the century. The book obtained unstinted praise both from those who understood horses and from FitzGerald, who did not understand them, but who could appreciate the vigour, correctness, and clarity of Mr. Biddell's style.

As early as 1866 FitzGerald had contemplated a translation of the two *Œdipuses* of Sophocles, and he seems ^{172. 'Œdipus,'} to have completed them in the rough that ^{1880-1881.} year. After they had lain by (looked at now and then) for a decade, Professor Norton of New York, to whom he had mentioned the matter in his letters, expressed a wish to see them. FitzGerald, who said deprecatingly that, beyond adapting the plays to modern taste and writing some fair verse, he had done little, promised compliance, but nothing further was done ; and in August 1879 Professor Norton repeated his request. In reply, FitzGerald said that instead of parting with the manuscript he would send it to press and let the Professor have an early copy. He placed it in the hands of Messrs. Billing

and Sons of Guildford, who printed fifty copies of the first part in February 1880, and fifty of the second part in February 1881. The proofs were gone through by Mr. Aldis Wright, who was requested to correct not the printer's blunders but those of FitzGerald, who, to use his own words, was 'apt to fall into bad grammar by close packing.' To FitzGerald's fondness for the two great Greek dramatists, Æschylus and Sophocles, his letters bear frequent witness, but which should be ranked first he could never prevail upon himself to decide, though the matter was often pondered. 'Oh those two *Œdipuses*!' he would say; 'but then that *Agamemnon*!' He used to call the seven preserved plays of Sophocles 'the precious seven,' and said of his own work, 'It is not even a paraphrase, but an adaptation of the original.' He tried to like Euripides, and really enjoyed the *Phænissæ*, but could never rank him with his great two. The story of King Œdipus is briefly as follows:—A plague having devastated Thebes, Œdipus its king, who had married Jocasta, widow of the murdered King Laius, is informed that the plague cannot be stayed until retribution reaches Laius's unknown murderer. Œdipus then resolves to take no rest until all the facts of the case are laid bare. By and by, to his horror, he discovers that he himself is the man; that he, although in ignorance, had murdered his own father, and, unaware of the relationship, had married his own mother. Jocasta, having heard the news, lost her reason and hanged herself; Œdipus tore out his eyes. The second part, *Œdipus at Colonus*, is one of the most beautiful of ancient dramatic poems. Œdipus, in company with his devoted daughter Antigone, had fled to Colonus (the native place of Sophocles), a spot rendered delightful by the beauty of its narcissi and crocuses, and the melody of its nightingales. His pre-

sence in Thebes being, as an oracle declared, necessary to its welfare, efforts were made to induce him to return. First came Creon of Thebes, and then Polynices, one of Ædipus's unnatural sons, but in vain. Thebes had repudiated him, and he in retaliation repudiated Thebes. After committing his devoted daughter to the care of Theseus, king of Athens, Ædipus purified himself as if for burial, and the gods in a miraculous manner withdrew him from earth—

‘So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.’¹

Like his *Agamemnon*, FitzGerald's *Ædipus* contains noble passages and happy phrases. The dialogue between Ædipus and Teiresias the sage, at first regarded as ‘sequestered with deity,’ and afterwards as ‘wrapt in supposititious sanctity,’ is exceedingly fine, and the utterance of Teiresias when he was implored to interpret the oracle eats into the memory—

‘Alas ! how worse than vain to be well arm'd
When the man's weapon turns upon himself.’

But perhaps the portion done best of all is the messenger's narrative of the supernatural translation to the abodes of the gods of the ill-fated Ædipus. Call him Elijah and not Ædipus if you will, and say that Tennyson, not FitzGerald, wrote the play, for it savours (though FitzGerald probably never noticed it) of the passing of King Arthur—

‘I,
Seized with a longing I could not control,
Despite the word yet ringing in my ears,
Looked back—and saw King Theseus standing there,
Stock still, his hands before his eyes, like one
Smit with a sudden blaze ; but Ædipus
There—anywhere—there was not—vanish'd—gone.’

¹ Wordsworth.

The *Œdipus* is less attractive than the *Agamemnon*, because the story is more horrible. One can never brush from view the harrowing picture of the wretched king's eyeless sockets, or erase from the mind the remembrance of the revolting circumstances that forced the catastrophe. The story of a murder, even a most unnatural murder, may be read with little discomfort, and even with complaisance, when the forbidding act causes no more than a passing shudder. In the *Agamemnon*, Clytemnestra struck her husband, 'and he bellowed, then his knees gave way'; but it was all over in a few minutes. The story of prolonged suffering, however, only tortures; and though written by an Æschylus and translated by a FitzGerald, its reading can never be agreeable. With all their excellences, FitzGerald's translations from the Greek rank below his translations from Calderon, and immeasurably below those from Jami and Attar.

Now came to FitzGerald the distressing news that James Spedding had been run over by a cab, and was dying in St. George's Hospital. He at once wrote to Mowbray Donne (son of W. B. Donne), who lived in London, and begged him to send a post-card daily, even if with only two words on it. To the end Spedding maintained his old philosophical calmness. Some verses written by him nearly sixty years previous commenced 'In a still vision I do live.' His whole life had been a placid dream, and his end, despite his suffering, was just as placid. 'Had the cab done a little more,' he said to Lawrence the painter, who stood at his bedside, 'it would have been a good quietus.' 'Socrates,' commented FitzGerald, 'to the last.' Spedding died on March 8th. 'He was the wisest man,' said FitzGerald, 'I have ever known, not

173. Death of
Spedding, 8th
March 1881.


the less so for the plenty of the boy in him. . . . I wake almost every morning feeling as if I had lost something.' To Lawrence he wrote, 'It is over! I shall not write about it. He was all you say'; to Miss Spedding, Spedding's niece, 'I have not known, no, nor heard of, any mortal so prepared to step unchanged into the better world we are promised.'

Among the friends of FitzGerald's later years was Horace Basham, a fisherman of Aldeburgh, of gentle birth, who had been educated at Westminster School, and who lived, and still lives, in a little house facing the sea, 'Swiss Cottage.' This house in summer-time receives visitors, and is therefore both cruel and kind to Horace, for in it there is during the season absolutely no place for the sole of his foot. He is slight and of medium height, and delights to dwell on his recollections of FitzGerald, laughing heartily as he tells each odd tale, a curious, boyish laugh, originated not so much by what he says as by his recollections—details which are incommunicable—those scenes which, though clear enough before his eyes, he is unable to put anything like so clearly before the eyes of his listeners. Sometimes Basham sent FitzGerald presents, things which he knew would be acceptable, generally fruit or a hamper of 'very good herring.' 'To-day,' says FitzGerald, 'comes a parcel of fine grapes, off which (with bread) I have dined, and the remainder will make my dinner to-morrow, if I live. These grapes, I know, came from no one else but yourself.'¹ Ever the same; and the probability is that while he was eating his frugal dinner of bread and grapes, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, with his approval, were dining off roast duck and plum pudding, with a glass of port to crown the feast. Once FitzGerald

¹ Unpublished letter to Horace Basham, October 12 [year?].

and Basham were dining together at an hotel, and among the good things set before them was a noble fruit pie. But they had eaten so heartily of the first course, that when the pie's turn came they were beaten. FitzGerald looked troubled. 'Mrs. So-and-so' (the hostess), 'who knows my partiality for fruit,' said he, 'will take it as a slight if we leave the pie untouched.' So without more ado he cut out a good-sized wedge with a fair allowance of fruit, and dropped it into his hat, which he covered with his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and rang the bell for the bill. The state of the hat can be imagined, but how FitzGerald smuggled his pie into the street, and how he disposed of it when he got there, had passed from the story-teller's recollection.

As we have before said, FitzGerald was not only indifferent to public opinion, but even liked to flout it. Once when putting out to sea in a boat with Basham, the latter remarked that the sail was fixed upside down, and made as if to alter it, saying, 'We don't want those fellows on the beach grinning at us.' 'Let it alone,' cried FitzGerald, 'it will be something for them to talk about.'



CHAPTER XXI

MARY LYNN

JULY 1881—14TH JUNE 1883

Bibliography

- 39. *Virgil's Garden*, April 1882 (written 1862).
- 40. *Euphrasor*, 3rd edition, May 1882.
- 41. *Readings in Crabbe*, 2nd edition, 1882.

IN July 1881 FitzGerald paid another visit to the Rev. George Crabbe at Merton, and took Cambridge on his way in order to see E. B. Cowell in Scroope 175. Neville's Court and Scroope Terrace. Terrace and W. Aldis Wright in Neville's Court (Trinity College). He expresses admiration for the Library in Trinity College—like the rest of Neville's Court, designed by Wren—and felt at home in Mr. Wright's rooms—'walled with books, large and cool.'

Neville's Court, as we explained early in this work, is the second or cloistered court of Trinity College, being approached from the Great Court through the passage called 'The Screens.' As you pass down the deserted cloister you notice the echo—it is very distinct—of your footfall, and before you, seen through an opening, is the greenery of chestnuts beside the Cam—or if it happens to be October a huge framed picture, as it were, of brilliant yellow and old gold. A crooked staircase leading to a landing on which are several doors, each with a



PROFESSOR COWELL'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

From a photograph by H. Town, Cambridge.

PLATE LIII.

name on the lintel, is the way of approach to Mr. Wright's suite of rooms. Two doors divide the landing from the first and largest room, which presents to-day almost the same appearance as it did that morning in July 1881 when FitzGerald visited it. It is a handsome apartment lined throughout with books—below, great folios in sombre brown ; higher—as is right—the lighter learning.

FitzGerald found Cowell in 'a pleasant house' of brick, partly cemented — balconies for plants (as became so ardent a lover of botany) to some of the windows, Venetian shutters to the uppermost, and railings in front—10 Scroope Terrace. Of this visit FitzGerald says little, but we may be sure it was a happy one, and that he and Cowell and 'The Elect Lady' had a long chat about the Salaman and Absal paradise at Bramford.

Professor Cowell,¹ when I met him years after, was the same tall, thin, bearded, spectacled man that FitzGerald had known, with pleasant smile and quiet humour. He had not been in good health, and Mr. Aldis Wright accused him of sitting too long at his books. The Professor smiled guiltily, but said a few words in self-defence, as persons who really have no case sometimes will.

There were books in his hall, and among them those precious volumes, the works of Sir William Jones, bought by him when he was a boy at Ipswich. In the front room, books in Persian type lay on the table, the more modern of them, with their flimsy and wretched paper, badly printed, contrasting strikingly with the 'sweet-scented manuscripts' of ancient Persia ; and as if to bring the past more vividly before me, there in a chair by the fire lay a copy of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, reminding of FitzGerald's remark that Miss Austen's works, read after Sanskrit studies, composed the Professor's mind like

¹ Professor Cowell died early in 1903.

gruel. The room at the back—the Library—contained, besides books, various objects of interest from India, including portraits of the Professor's munchee. The rooms were altered in hardly a single particular from their appearance when FitzGerald visited them.

On July 30 (1881) died George Borrow; and in August FitzGerald was visiting his 'dear old Crowfoot' at Beccles, amusing himself by looking out of window at the busy and picturesque market-place and the noble and massive church tower; and going, for old association's sake, the familiar road through Gillingham to Geldestone.

In January 1882 he visited London, mainly to see Donne, who was dying, and to call again on Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Edwards. In the sights of the town he took no interest, and concluded that he had lost his appetite for everything except 'dull Woodbridge life.' On March 2 (1882) he writes to Horace Basham:¹ 'Thank you for your remembrances and good wishes on my behalf. I have had some bronchial cold and cough ever since Christmas, and as I entered upon my seventy-first year on March 31 last I do not expect to shake it off: on the contrary, I suppose it must get worse, so possibly I shall not be able to sit about the beach as I used to do, of a night at any rate, but here is summer coming and we shall see. My friends the Cowells want me to go with them to Lowestoft for the first fortnight in June. I shall try and get them to Aldeburgh, which I like much better, and they would, I believe, do so too. I am, however, going off this very afternoon to that same Lowestoft, where I have not been these eight months; and I shall go for the single purpose of seeing my two nieces there, whom I have not seen for that much time. Anyhow, I shall be sure, if I live, to be at Aldeburgh sooner or later this

¹ Unpublished letter.

summer, and shall be glad to see you as heretofore.' In August, FitzGerald was reading Froude's biography of Carlyle,¹ for which he had himself furnished some data—chiefly respecting the Naseby and Squire incidents. He revelled in it, and loved and admired Carlyle more than ever.

'Our Donne is dead!' With these words Izaak Walton two hundred and fifty years before had begun his fine death-dirge on W. Bodham Donne's reputed ancestor, the famous poet and Dean of St. Paul's. FitzGerald in this year (1882), though without poetical elegy, is mourning in the same words the loss of *his* Donne, of whom it might also be said the excellences of his character 'found a living grave in good men's hearts.' Of Donne—his constancy, his cheerfulness under affliction, and his industry—FitzGerald could never speak highly enough, but he bracketed him with Spedding as a man who had misplaced his energies. If Spedding had wasted a lifetime in cleansing the besmirched Bacon, Donne had laid himself out to write a History of Rome—which was not wanted, and which, in fact, was never finished. The best work that Donne produced was undoubtedly his volume on Tacitus, for the series 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.' His devotion to his friends passed among them into a saying. The modern Ser Federigo would do anything for those he loved, even though to his own hurt—indeed he was not unlike that Swiss hero who, when his men were unable to make a gap in the line of the Austrian enemy, rushed forward, and em-

176. 'Our
Donne is
dead,' 20th
June 1882.

¹ *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of His Life*, 1795-1835, 2 vols., 1882, by J. A. Froude. Two years later, that is the year after FitzGerald's death, was published *Thomas Carlyle: A History of His Life in London*, by J. A. Froude, 2 vols.

bracing an armful of spears directed them into his own heart. FitzGerald, who where he loved loved deeply, lamented the loss of few more sincerely than he did that of Donne.

The news of the laying of the memorial stone for the new school in the vineyard of the old abbey at Bury greatly pleased FitzGerald. The event took place on July 1, 1882. The scholars, past and present, the masters, the governors, and the mayor and corporation having attended service in St. James's church, went in procession to the new site. The pupils, however, were not able to move into the new school till April 1883, or about two months before FitzGerald's death. The old building in Northgate Street was converted to other uses.

In his waning years FitzGerald felt continual yearnings for the haunts of his youth, and one expression, the

177. Mary Lynn. Professor Fawcett (1st September 1882). saying of a Frenchman about the hare going to her home—'her *gîte*'—to die was often on his lips. Among his *premiers amours*—and he liked to intersperse both his conversation and his letters with scraps of French—none

was dearer to him than Aldeburgh, the spot where he first saw and felt the sea, the spot where he had played, sixty years previous, with Mary Lynn whom, pleasantly enough, he was to meet there again—the town above all of his idol Crabbe. Here, to use his own expression, he had lodged in half the houses, and had a sort of traditional acquaintance with half the population. He hired two small rooms in Clare Cottage—'enough for me,' he writes to Mrs. Kemble; 'a poor civil woman pleased to have me in them—oh yes, and a little spare bedroom.' The last he devoted to Mr. Arthur Charlesworth, a nephew of Mrs. Cowell's, poor and in delicate

health, who is facetiously represented by FitzGerald as lying 'with his legs out of the window from his bed, like a heron's from his nest, but rather more horizontally.' FitzGerald generously assisted Mr. Charlesworth in other ways : got him, for instance, whenever he could be spared, down to Woodbridge for the sake of the air, and took him for sails down the Deben as far as Bawdsey. To Aldeburgh FitzGerald owed his acquaintance with Professor Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, who had married Miss Garrett, daughter of an Aldeburgh gentleman. The Professor came to Clare Cottage to call on Mr. Aldis Wright, who was also making a short stay at Aldeburgh just then ; and when Mr. Wright left, Fawcett went and smoked a pipe with FitzGerald, who before their acquaintance was two days old could boast that he had made his new friend a worshipper of Crabbe. FitzGerald could not sufficiently admire Fawcett's modesty, unpretentiousness, cheerfulness, and bravery, and delighted to see him 'stalking along the beach, regardless of pebble and boulder, though with some one by his side to prevent his going quite to sea !'

The renewal of FitzGerald's acquaintance with Miss Lynn, coming as it did in the evening of life, was his 'sweet apple that blushes on the end of the bough, the very end of the bough which the gatherers overlooked.'¹ Miss Lynn lived in a pleasant house facing the sea, called 'Tiffany,' and the photograph we reproduce gives an excellent idea of her at this time in her tasteful cap (when I saw her she wore a white cap with purple ribbon intertwined), and with her gold brooch containing forget-me-nots and some white flower of which I did not know the name. With well-formed, rather massive features, and cheerful and uniformly

¹ *Sappho*.

amiable disposition, Miss Lynn retained her good looks, and still remained in her prime at a time when most others of her years were old men and women. When FitzGerald visited her in 1882, she looked twenty years younger than he, though about his own age. Miss Lynn and FitzGerald talked of the old Aldeburgh times, and of his friend and her uncle Major Moor, and she read aloud to him some of her 'Mudie books,' including *Marjorie Fleming* from Dr. Brown's papers,¹ a book that she could hardly read for laughing idiotically, as she said, but FitzGerald, who delighted in people's weaknesses, was all the better pleased. It is a very agreeable picture, FitzGerald and the playmate of his childhood spending in that pleasant house overlooking the sea a merry evening together in their old age. FitzGerald gave her copies of his *Sea Words and Phrases* (the two pamphlets, one in red and the other blue), *Euphranor*, and other publications. Aware that Miss Lynn had no sympathy with the agnosticism in his great poem, he said to her, 'I shall not give you a copy of *Omar Khayyam*, you would not like it,' to which she said simply, 'I should not like it.' 'He was very careful,' commented Miss Lynn, 'not to unsettle the religious opinions of others.' Among Miss Lynn's visitors were her friend Miss Mary Leach, and an elderly French maiden lady whom we are to know only as 'Mademoiselle,' and to whom FitzGerald was particularly kind and attractive. Once Mademoiselle, whose amiability was more conspicuous than her taste, brought to Tiffany as a present for FitzGerald a bulky three-legged vase, and having placed it full of flowers on a table, awaited his coming, promising herself much pleasure from the gratification he would be sure to express on discovering for whom it was

¹ *John Leach and Other Papers*, 1882.



MISS LYNN

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55 Baker Street, W.

PLATE LIV.

intended. When he entered the room, however, and spied the vase and flowers on the table, he immediately, and before any explanation could be made, blurted out (Miss Lynn and Miss Leach being also present), 'And where did you get this gouty old thing from?' But then, catching the eye of Miss Leach, who by frantic motions was imploring him to desist, he suddenly and dexterously slid off to another subject, and on being informed by Mademoiselle that the vase was a present for him, he acknowledged the gift with becoming grace. Afterwards, walking on the sands with Miss Leach, he said, 'You cannot think how sorry I am for those blundering words. Had I known, I would not have said them for all Aldeburgh. Do you think she heard me? I would do anything to recall them.' On another occasion Miss Leach expressed her admiration for Beethoven's symphonies, and said 'such a one,' mentioning the number, 'is the best.' Whereupon FitzGerald broke in, 'Don't say it is the best; say that you think it the best, and praise God for it!' My first visit to Miss Lynn was made on 21st May 1902, when I took tea and spent the afternoon with her and Miss Leach. Miss Lynn, though in her ninetieth year, was, apart from deafness, in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and I was much impressed by her bright, cheery manner and the pleasure she took in speaking of the nobility of FitzGerald's character. On my second visit in July she gave me her copy of Major Moor's *Suffolk Words*, and the two paintings, 'Slaughden' and 'The Three Mariners,' done by herself, which are reproduced in this book.¹

On several occasions Mr. Alfred Smith accompanied FitzGerald to Aldeburgh, and they used to walk together at night up and down the long cracked path that accom-

¹ Miss Lynn died in 1893.

panies the beach. Not even Heine loved the German Ocean more than FitzGerald. He delighted in it as a child, he liked when a man to make the children of his friends happy by it, he sailed on it in boat and yacht, he flew to it for comfort in his marriage trouble, and when the squirearchy cut down his beloved trees and hedges; it had memories for him of his brother Peter, of Edwin Edwards, and many a happy day with Fletcher, Colby, Green, Cable and other breezy and cheery amphibians. 'Alfred,' said he one night, as they were pacing the old cracked path, 'there is no sea like Aldeburgh sea. It talks to me,' but its words were mainly mournful, a dirge or low wail, rather than speech that cheered. At Aldeburgh, too, on this visit he met an ancient mariner (aged ninety-six) who had served on board the *Unity*, the vessel in which George Crabbe the poet sailed to London in search of fortune.¹

As the traveller on the point of leaving Aldeburgh looks back on the picturesque town from the railway station, he sees a bowery vista, with here and there a roof, and above all a flake of gold—the vane of its ancient church. The renewal of friendship with Miss Lynn is the last bright gleam in the life of Edward FitzGerald, and it is very pleasant to carry away the memory of that last spot of gold.

This year the Spanish Ambassador did FitzGerald the honour of sending him the Calderon Medal, in acknowledgment of the beauty of his translations from the Spanish; and FitzGerald, who assumed, however, that he owed it to the good offices of James Russell Lowell, was naturally pleased, though he modestly alleged that Cowell was the one who really deserved it.

178. Fitz-
Gerald reaps
his harvest.
M'Clanky and
Brown.

¹ Of course he did not sail with Crabbe, who went to London in 1780, five years before the mariner was born.



SLAUGHDEN QUAY

From a water-colour painting by Miss Mary Lynn.

Early in this work we spoke of FitzGerald as an ambitious man, a man who had some great wish for the accomplishment of which he perpetually strove. His desire was to excel as a writer of English, and to produce a masterpiece which should be recognised as such, not by the million (for their applause, as for their pence, he cared nothing) but by the finest minds of the day. That was his secret wish, and it was gratified, for even in his own lifetime the merits of his *Omar* were recognised in the most cultivated circles. Admitted that no people ever wanted to lionise him, as they had lionised Martin Tupper and other little poets, but to no man would such treatment have been less agreeable. His diffidence, the peculiarity of his temperament, the fact that no matter how well a thing was done he was never himself quite satisfied with it, and his theory that a man ought never to talk much about his own work, prevented him from discussing his poems except with a select few. He talked about them to Cowell, Mr. Aldis Wright, Carlyle, and perhaps one or two others, and to them only or chiefly when the poems, etc., were in hand, and because in the case of the first two they were able to assist him—Cowell with the Persian, and Mr. Wright in philological matters. Though he was gratified when he found that his labours were appreciated, he was quite indifferent whether the public knew or did not know the name of the author. The prize so far as he was concerned was the knowledge that he had excelled. Thus, as he hung out no ivy, some even of those who regarded themselves as his intimate friends were surprised when, late in life, they found that he sold, or rather gave away, wine. The two most amazing instances are perhaps the following. Dean Merivale, writing on 8th March 1877 to the Master of Trinity, says: 'I saw some review of a translation of

the *Agamemnon*, . . . but I did not notice the authorship, or, if I did, it did not bring our Edward before my eyes. I never thought he was guilty of verse.' Yet this was twenty-two years after the issue of the first edition of the *Omar*. Even more extraordinary is the reference by the Rev. R. M. Grier in his *Life of John Allen*, where FitzGerald is spoken of merely as 'the author of a brilliant translation of Calderon.' Yet this was in 1889, and the words are by the son-in-law of one of FitzGerald's greatest friends. Still, as we have said, the *Omar* was read and prized by many of the finest minds, even in the seventies. 'I am so delighted,' W. B. Donne had written just before his death, 'at the glory E. F. G. has gained by his translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam.' Early in 1882 Mr. H. Schütz Wilson proposed to write a review of the *Salaman and Absal*, and mentioned his project to FitzGerald, who in reply expressed the opinion that the poem was scarce of a kind to profit by any review sufficiently to make it worth the expenditure of Mr. Wilson's time and talent. Then follows a very noticeable sentence: 'In Omar's case it was different; he sang in an acceptable way, it seems, of what all men feel in their hearts, but had not been expressed in verse before.' In short, FitzGerald was, though late, reaping his harvest, the pleasure of finding that his strenuous labours were appreciated. There is little else to record that year beyond correspondence. There are letters to C. E. Norton, Mr. W. A. Wright and others, and Mrs. Kemble gets her 'plenilunal due.'

Late in 1882 FitzGerald was at Aldeburgh, taking apartments as usual at Clare Cottage, and this time in company with Charles Keene and the eternal bagpipes. It was a conversation at a mirthful supper at Clare Cottage, Horace Basham being present, that originated the illus-

trated witticism in *Punch's Almanac* for 1883,¹ entitled 'The man hath not music.' Keene himself is M'Clanky,² a tall, spare man with bagpipes, and FitzGerald, Brown, while the letterpress runs :—

BROWN (musical) invites his Highland friend M'Clanky to stay a few days with him, but M'Clanky was musical too!

M'CLANKY (the next morning). Will I give you a chune?

BROWN (he had wondered what was in that Green Bag). Oh, eh? Thanks, very much! (Puts on invalid expression.) But my doctor tells me I must on no account indulge my passion for music for some time!

In December 1882 FitzGerald's good old housekeepers John and Mary Anne Howe, dressed, as ever, the one in blue, the other in crimson, were celebrating their golden wedding over a bottle of port wine at Little Grange, and FitzGerald was congratulating himself that he had hitherto escaped any severe assault from his treacherous enemy bronchitis.

In February 1883 Mr. Aldis Wright was in Bedfordshire, and FitzGerald, whose thoughts went out to William Kenworthy Browne, asked Mr. Wright to go to Goldington and look for Browne's grave. The grave was found, though with some difficulty, and FitzGerald wrote to express thanks. In March, FitzGerald apologises to Professor Norton for not acknowledging the receipt of two volumes of the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence,³ observing that he had not time, 'a strange accident' with him, and he sends a newspaper cutting about a recent

¹ Issued 7th December 1882.

² M'Clanky, I am told, is a very good likeness of Keene himself. Brown was not intended to represent FitzGerald in features.

³ *Correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, 1883.

storm, during which the tide at Aldeburgh ran over the promenade and in many places joined the river Alde. FitzGerald prophesied that the sea would some day assuredly cut off Aldeburgh from Slaughden river quay, and every Aldeburgh man hopes and prays that this prophecy will be verified, for vessels leaving Slaughden quay would then save at least nine miles, and prosperity would probably revisit Crabbe's old hamlet.

FitzGerald, with eclipsed eyes, declining back, troublesome chest, and weak heart, now began to feel that his days were rapidly drawing to a close, and on the 3rd of April he made his will. He left, as he had always intended, the bulk of his property to the residuary legatees, the sons and daughters of his sister Mrs. Kerrich. To his old sweetheart Miss Caroline Matilda Crabbe he left £1000. The executors (the Rev. George Crabbe and the Rev. E. G. Doughty of Martlesham), the daughters of his uncle Peter Purcell, and one grand-daughter of Peter Purcell, and Anne Ritchie (daughter of Thackeray), were each to have £500. £1000 was to be divided among the daughters of the Rev. William Airy, and £1000 among the daughters of Frederick Tennyson. £100 was to go to Arthur Charlesworth, £100 to Horace Basham, £100 to the 'daughters of Thomas Churchyard,' and £100 to the East Suffolk Hospital at Ipswich. The following were to have annuities: Marietta Nursey, daughter of Mr. Perry Nursey of Little Bealings, £30; John and Mary Anne Howe, £70; Emilius Cadogan, £15. He willed his 'Titian' landscape, with figures of Abraham and Isaac, to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge,¹ and the portrait of Raphael Mengs to his Woodbridge bookseller, John Loder.

¹ It is in Gallery III., No. 113. Canons, 1' 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " by 2' 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Catalogued under 'School of Bassano.'

At Easter, Mr. Aldis Wright was paying him a visit, and in one of their conversations FitzGerald spoke of the deaths of his mother and his brother John, both of whom died at seventy-five. 'We none of us,' he said, 'get beyond seventy-five.' In short, to use an expression now often on his lips, he had begun 'to smell the ground,' as the sailors say of a ship that slackens speed when reaching shallow water. Later he put together those of his unpublished works which he thought worth publishing, and enclosed them with a letter in a small tin box addressed to Mr. Aldis Wright. With his usual extreme diffidence he wrote, 'I do not suppose it likely that any of my works should be reprinted after my death. Possibly the three plays from the Greek' (the *Agamemnon* and the two *Edipuses*) 'and Calderon's *Magico*; which have a certain merit in the form they are cast into, and in the versification.' The box also contained the Lamb papers, the bowdlerised Crabbe volume, and the pamphlet edition of *Sea Words and Phrases*. The letter is dated May 1. A day or two later he had to run up to London—'our huge, hideous London'—on business, but found time to visit Chelsea in order to see Carlyle's statue on the Embankment and the 'old No. 5' (now 24) of Cheyne Row.' The house, which has since become a Carlyle Museum, had a neglected look and was to let. As he stood there looking at the familiar spot and thinking of the matrimonial unhappiness of Carlyle and his wife, and then of his own disastrous marriage, he felt sad and turned away weeping. FitzGerald considered the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle as an even more tragic story than the *Reminiscences*,¹ yet he loved Carlyle more than ever, 'if for no other reason than his thus furnishing the world with weapons against himself.'

¹ *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle, edited by J. A. Froude, 3 vols., 1883.

FitzGerald now rarely bought a book—indeed he had given away to friends all that he had ‘of any rarity or value, especially if over octavo.’ He began to part with his pictures too, sending the portrait of John Allen to Mrs. Allen, and that of Tennyson to Mrs. Tennyson. Some-time this month (May 1883) Archdeacon Groome and his son Francis Hindes were visiting Captain Brooke of Ufford, and thence they drove to Woodbridge in order to spend a few hours with FitzGerald. They all three walked down to the river side and sat on a bench at the foot of the lime-tree walk. Seeing a little boy wading among the ooze, FitzGerald went and asked him whether he had ever heard of the fate of the Master of Ravenswood, and then he told the story. Groome and FitzGerald chatted about music and the singers they had heard in the twenties—Braham, Vaughan, Miss Stephens—and FitzGerald roared with laughter when Groome imitated Vaughan’s singing. It was a late spring; the trees before his window were only just beginning to burgeon. Beyond a touch of bronchitis he had nothing to complain of. ‘The Ghost’s Brother,’ Charles Fox, used to come regularly to read to him, and in the daytime he read a little himself. John Howe ‘banged his guitar every morning,’ the fairy godmother still flamed in crimson, and the hammering at Fosdyke’s workshops was still one of life’s minor trials. He wrote to his friends, and received a laboured but correctly spelt letter from Posh, written in blue ink, and with ‘Mr. Edward FitzGerald, Esq.,’ on the envelope.

He was permitted to see the roses again, and speaks of himself as going pottering about with a pair of scissors snipping off the dead blossoms. Referring to the incurable malady from which the wife of one of his friends suffered, he remarked that it was strange that he should be ‘so seemingly alert, certainly alive, amid

such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But, even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended sword fall. If it would but do so at once, and effectually !'

His annual visit to Merton Rectory was this year fixed for 13th June. He took with him a few books, between the leaves of which he had slipped thirty pounds in notes for current expenses. At ^{180. Death,} 14th June ^{1883.} Woodbridge station he asked Mr. Woodward Welton, a neighbour, who happened to be there, some question about the trains, and on being told was profuse in thanks—gratitude for any trivial service done to him being one of the salient features of his character. He promised himself on this occasion the pleasure of meeting not only George Crabbe but Miss Crabbe. He travelled *viâ* Bury, so as to have a look at the old school in Northgate Street, the school where he had worked and played with Airy, Spedding, and Donne, all of whom were dead ; where he had heard Kemble declaim, and in which the big boys, leaning over the old, black, knife-marked desks, wrote essays to be honoured in the *Musæ Burienses*. 'Mr. Hogarth's compliments to Mr. King, and requests the honour of his company to dinner on Thursday next to Eta Beta Py.' Visions of Dr. Malkin and his lame foot came before him, and Mrs. Malkin so kind—'You were never a schoolboy under her care'—and their son Arthur. What pleasant reminiscences ! We may be sure he looked round St. James's church, peered at the sundial over the entrance, and pictured the lines of boys, in crocodile, two and two, with square caps and gowns, filing in. Perhaps he ventured in to see the place where he used to sit, and the mural tablet to Dr. Malkin,¹ with the medallion portrait erected by the pupils of the school. Perhaps, too,

¹ He died in 1842.

he had a look at the new school just completed in the vineyard of the old abbey.

He was met at Walton station by George Crabbe, and driven to Merton Rectory. At tea he talked to his friend and Miss Crabbe of the beauties of Bury, and especially its abbey towers, which he had just seen, and after tea walked with his friends in the garden, chatting about old days at Bredfield and Boulge. The journey had tired him, but he went to bed about ten, no one being uneasy. Next morning, inquiry at his door met with no response. They opened it, and found that he was dead. He had gone where all his nearest kin save one sister had gone—where Preacher Matthews, Barton the Quaker, Crabbe the 'Radiator,' Kenworthy Browne, Carlyle, Spedding, Donne had gone. Could FitzGerald himself have made comment, he would have added laconically, in the manner in which he spoke of the death of his friends—the very dearest—of Browne, of Crabbe, of Spedding: 'Well, this is so, and there is no more to be said about it.'

A more lovable man never breathed. Though twenty years have passed, those who knew him are unable to speak of him without emotion. Of his philanthropy and generosity I have already spoken. 'He visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' Whatever his faults, it is clear that he did manfully and strenuously endeavour to do that which to him seemed noble and right. We may express our sorrow that doubt clouded his life, as apparently it did, to the last, but would bear in mind that of his inmost heart no man knew anything. We must judge him by his deeds, and the fruits of him were love, pity, kindness, and charity. The singular warmth of his affection for his friends and of theirs for him must have struck every student of his life. 'I loved the man,' said Alfred Smith to me with emotion; 'I love his



BOULGE CHURCH

SHOWING FITZGERALD'S GRAVE—THE RECUMBENT STONE WITH A CROSS FLEURY

From a photograph by R. Falcon White, Esq.

PLATE LVI.



memory, and I love to picture our reunion in the Great Hereafter.' Alfred Tennyson wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock, 'I had no truer friend ; he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit.' Of FitzGerald the man of letters, we would say in the words of Ezekiel, 'Thou art the confirmed exemplar of measures, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.'

As we have already observed, it had been FitzGerald's wish to be cremated, but this was impossible, for although the crematorium at Woking had been erected, it was not then open for public use.¹ The body was removed to Little Grange. Antipholus of Syracuse was laid by the side of his brother, Antipholus of Ephesus—not, however, in the family mausoleum, but, consonant with his wish, in a plain earth grave close by it. He wanted, he said, to be where the birds sing. Among those who stood at the graveside were Mr. Walter Kerrich and Mr. Edmund Kerrich (his nephews), Captain F. C. Brooke, Mr. Aldis Wright, Archdeacon Groome, Mr. Mowbray Donne (son of 'our Donne'), Colonel Barlow (who had married Miss Cordelia Maude), the Rev. George Crabbe (George Crabbe the third), the Rev. E. G. Doughty, Mr. Herman Biddell, Mr. Alfred Smith (his old boy-reader and life-long neighbour), and other friends ; and wreaths (one being from Tennyson) and other tributes of affection were placed on the grave. Over him lies a granite slab carved with a cross-flurey and the inscription—

EDWARD FITZGERALD

BORN 31ST MARCH 1809. DIED 14TH JUNE 1883.

'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,'

¹ It was opened in 1885, two years after FitzGerald's death, when three bodies were cremated. Between 1885 and 1901 two thousand and ninety-seven bodies were cremated. There are now crematoria in the following places: London (Golder's Green), Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, and Darlington.

husband, she was much touched, and in idea lived again the old days when FitzGerald used to bring Tennyson's earlier poems to Bernard Barton's fireside and read them aloud.

Mrs. FitzGerald died at Croydon on 28th September 1898, having reached the great age of ninety.

APPENDIX I

THE WORD PORTRAITS

A MANUSCRIPT IN FITZGERALD'S HANDWRITING,
SENT APPARENTLY TO W. K. BROWNE.

Livesey.

Has very good sense—very active, indefatigable in the pursuit of his favourite object, whatever it may be—has a good deal of pride—*volatile* in spirits, sociable, trusty, very sincere, and warm-hearted, considerate, and never forgets a favour—assiduous to please.

W. [K.] Browne.

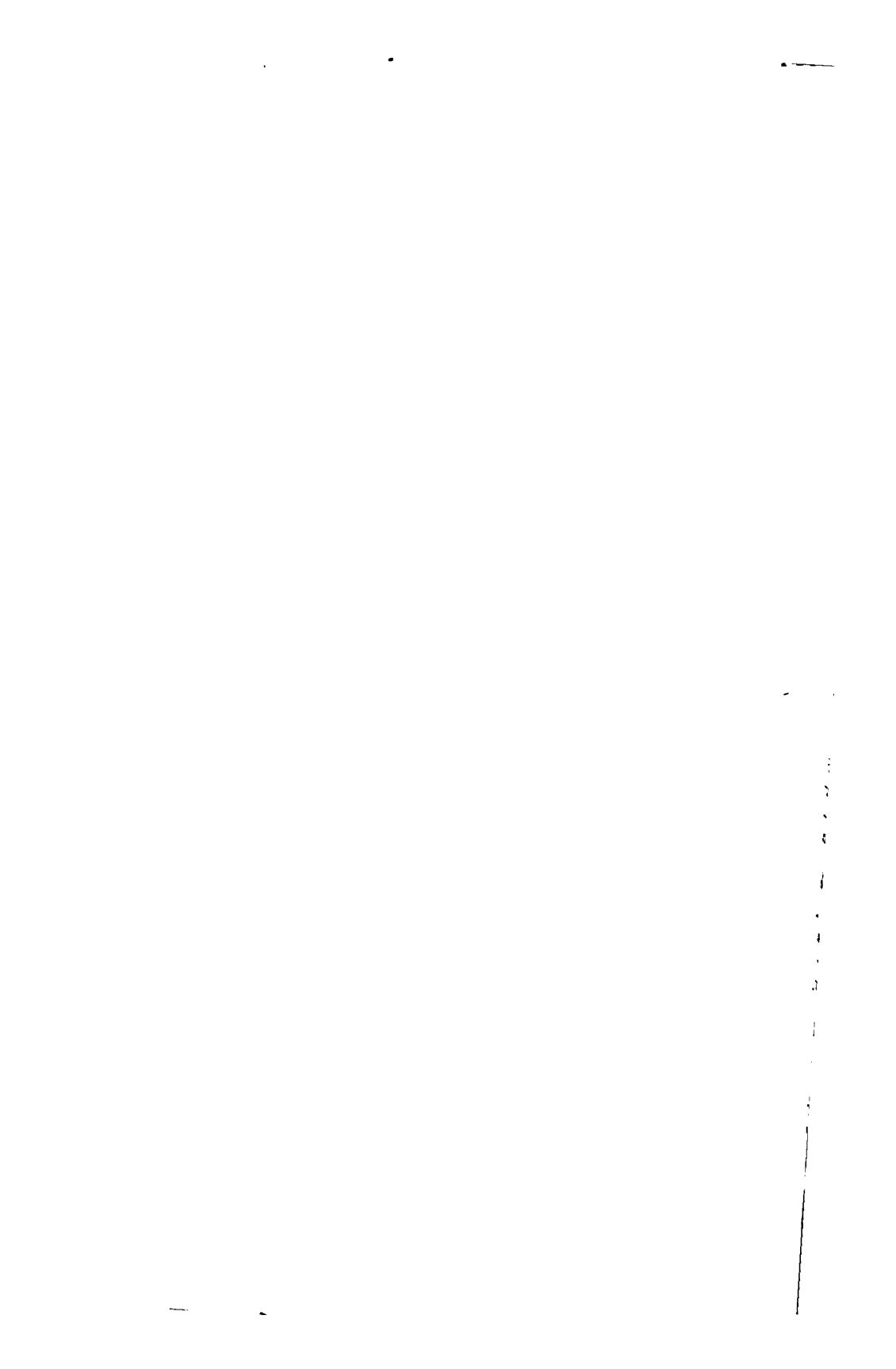
Has very good abilities—a smooth-mannered person—more surface than depth—quite a man of the world—fond of argument, but not ill-tempered—careful—thoughtful for others and a good contriver—gentlemanly—would not do a mean thing.

Morton.

A very intelligent person, full of general information—undecided and of a nervous temperament—has infinite taste for the fine arts—very tender in feeling and sentiment—very uncertain in spirits—not a good manager of time or purse.

Tennyson [evidently Alfred].

Very well informed—just and upright—a rectifier or setter to rights of people—diligent, constant, sincere—has great discernment—industrious, decided, and possesses great strength of mind—a very valuable friend—generous, but not extravagant—punctual—cool and clear in judgment.



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Very well informed—just and upright—a rectifier or setter to rights of people—diligent, constant, sincere—has great discernment—industrious, decided, and possesses great strength of mind—a very valuable friend—generous, but not extravagant—punctual—cool and clear in judgment.

Thackeray.

A great deal of talent, but no perseverance or steadiness of purpose—very indifferent, almost cold in his feelings—a very despairing mind—quick in most things, impatient, exclusive in his attachments—very unaffected, and has great want of confidence in his own powers.

Edgeworth.

A very intelligent and agreeable person—very generous—quick perception, and has the power of imparting knowledge most pleasingly—gets through a great deal of business with ease, and is quiet in manner, but very cheerful spirits—warm-hearted and affectionate.

Mrs. Kerrich.

Is a clever person—fond of literary pursuits—absent—careless—fond of educating and giving advice—is a thinking, grave, and staid-minded person—very unsophisticated in the ways of the world—not easily pleased—expects much attention.

Arthur Malkin.

A very clever person, and very reserved about himself—firm to his purpose, resolute—a great courtier—agreeable in conversation—pithy and forcible, prudent and cautious—is very particular in trifles—has a tiresome temper—concise.

(This is very good, I think.)

Bernard Barton.

A very strange character—a good-hearted and benevolent person, with a good deal of pride and caution, with a pretence at humility—perverse, formal—strict, plain, and unassuming in his address—a great many contradictions of character.

(What do you say to this last, and what do you say to the others? Let me hear your opinion.)

APPENDIX II

TWO POEMS BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

IN 'THE KEEPSAKE,' 1834

THE OLD BEAU

'Laudator temporis acti.'

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE days we used to laugh, Tom,
At tales of love, and tears of passion ;
The bowls we used to quaff, Tom,
In toasting all the toasts in fashion ;
The heaths and hills we ranged, Tom,
When limb ne'er fail'd, when step ne'er falter'd ;
Alas ! how things are changed, Tom,
How we—and all the world—are alter'd !

A few scarce-heeded years, Tom,
And you and I were chums at college,
'Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
Just starting for the goal of knowledge ;
And some their race have run, Tom,
And some are ruin'd—some are risen,
And some have had their fun, Tom,
In parliament, and some—in prison.

But you and I of all, Tom,
Who went, in that unclouded weather,
To concert, and to ball, Tom,
In the same coats and cab together,
Retain, alone, our taste, Tom
('Mid modern men, like monkeys strutting,
Tight-shod and tighter laced, Tom),
For Hoby's boots and Stultz's cutting.

The coats of this changed clime, Tom !
 Why, you might just as well compare them
 With those of that bright time, Tom,
 As us who *wore*, with those who *wear* them.
 The boots *old* Hoby made, Tom—
 Oh ! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
 His buried bones and shade, Tom,
 To name them with young Hoby's making.

Ay, these *were* coats and boots, Tom,
 And when shall we behold their equal ?
 But times have changed with suits, Tom,
 First mark the sign, and then the sequel :
 Hasn't the climate grown, Tom,
 Some ten degrees (or more so) colder ?
 Haven't the sun and stone, Tom,
 That ne'er before felt age, grown older ?

The granite, once so strong, Tom,
 Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble ;
 The snows upon Mont Blanc, Tom,
 No longer melt with heat, and tumble :
 The very seasons teach, Tom,
 The same sad truth—the same dark lesson,
 For all may see how each, Tom,
 Puts, 'year by year, a plainer dress on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,
 Draws near its close ; and isn't it better
 To die, when no respect, Tom,
 Is shown from creditor to debtor ?
 When tradesfolk make a row, Tom,
 A year or two if you delay them,
 And often ask you now, Tom,
 With perfect *nonchalance*, to pay them ?

The change is over all, Tom,
 And Nature's self hath lost her vigour ;—
 Just mark at any ball, Tom,
 The falling off in face and figure :

No gliding minuet's grace, Tom,
 But dances fit for low carousers ;
 No ruffles—no point-lace, Tom—
 Broadcloth is all—broadcloth and—*trousers* !

The beauties of our days, Tom !—
 Oh ! those were eyes of glorious beaming,
 One moment of whose gaze, Tom,
 Made life thenceforth a lover's dreaming.
 We see their daughters now, Tom,
 And while a pang our bosom smothers,
 We look on each young brow, Tom,
 And sigh—' You 're nothing to your mothers !'

Out on the graybeard Time, Tom !
 He makes the best-turn'd leg grow thinner ;
 He spares nor sex nor clime, Tom,
 Nor *us*—the old relentless sinner !
 But come down and be gay, Tom,
 At the old Hall, and banish sorrow ;
 For Jekyll comes to-day, Tom,
 And Lady Aldboro' to-morrow.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER¹

THE old man closed his iron box,
 Laid bond and parchment by,
 And bolts were drawn, and bar and locks
 Shut out the fresh, blue sky :
 The very bird you 'd deem had died
 In so dark a cage to be,
 And a pale girl stood by the merchant's side,
 And shook as he gave the key.

' " Fast bind," our elders say, " fast find " ;
 So saith the Christian too ;
 And there is mischief in the wind,
 If sleep and dreams speak true.

¹ Described in the table of contents as by ' Edward FitzGerald.'

I dreamt of money-bags to-night
 Wrung from the Hebrew's store ;
 There is a cloud before my sight,—
 Bar, daughter !—bar the door !

' And when those Christian fools go by
 With trumpet and with drum ;
 And when the wry-neck'd fife is high,
 And when the maskers come ;
 If hitherward their steps should tend,
 Bar out the Christian swine,
 Nor let their noisy mirth offend
 These sober walls of mine !

' I loathe them in their revelry,
 I loathe them in their grief,
 I yield them in their agony
 No succour—no relief :
 Let casement and let door be shut,—
 If I go forth to-night,
 By Jacob's staff ! I swear, 'tis but
 To work the Christians spite.'

The old man closed the oaken door,
 And chain and fastenings creak,
 But ere he pass'd his threshold o'er,
 He kiss'd that fair girl's cheek.
 And ' Oh,' she said, ' though a father's curse
 Be a heavy load to bear,
 The guilt of a broken vow is worse
 Than the frowns of a parent are.

' I know not if the Christian's race
 Be holier than our own,
 If Hagar's offspring hold a place
 More nigh Jehovah's throne ;
 But oh ! if Judah's hope and creed
 Should weak and erring be,
 There is a voice shall intercede,
 My sire, my sire ! for thee.

‘ And if my foot forsake the path
 Which erst my fathers trod,
 And if my convert spirit hath
 Bow’d to the Christian’s God :
 ’Tis that the word her prophet spoke,
 The word her teachers speak,
 Makes light the wearied sinner’s yoke,
 And comforteth the weak.

‘ And when, at last, the hour shall be,
 When Judah’s erring son
 Shall worship in the sacred *Three*
 The great, eternal *One* ;
 When rent the bond, and cleansed the stain
 God’s chosen that defiled,
 The harp of Judah’s tribe again
 Shall welcome Judah’s child.’

APPENDIX III

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB

DURING the lifetime of FitzGerald, his great poem was, as we have seen, read and appreciated only by a few, but the stream broadened yearly. The fourth edition, the last issued in FitzGerald’s lifetime, appeared, it will be remembered, in 1879. Ten years elapsed before a fifth edition was called for (1889), but by 1891 three more had been exhausted.

On 14th October 1892, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. George Whale, Mr. Frederic Hudson, Mr. Arthur Hacker, the artist, and two or three others invited about a dozen of their friends, well known for their interest in Omar and FitzGerald, to dine at Pagani’s restaurant in Great Portland Street. Mr. Whale was voted to the chair, and it was then determined to found an Omar Khayyam Club. Mr. William Simpson, special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, told of his visit to Omar’s tomb at Naishapur, and said that he had given rose-pips from it to Mr. Thiselton-Dyer of Kew Gardens; and other interesting speeches were made, including one by Mr. William Watson.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in honour of his version of Omar, was elected first president, and Mr. Hudson secretary ; its membership being restricted to fifty-nine, from the fact that FitzGerald's first edition appeared in the year 1859.

Twelve months after its foundation the members and their friends made a pilgrimage to FitzGerald's grave, for the purpose of planting there a rose-tree, developed from one of the pips taken from Omar's grave and grafted on to an English stock.

The tree was planted by Mr. Curtis, head gardener at Boulge Hall, and a kindly shower coming on before the ceremony was over gave the required finish to his work.

Close to it was fixed a plate with the following inscription :—

'This Rose-Tree raised in Kew Gardens from seed brought by William Simpson, artist-traveller, from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur, was planted by a few admirers of Edward FitzGerald in the name of the Omar Khayyam Club, 7th October 1893.'

Among the members of the club are Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, George Gissing, Solomon J. Solomon, Edward Clodd, Thomas Hardy, Henry Norman, M.P., Sir Brampton Gurdon, M.P., Henry Newbolt, Anthony Hope, and Sir Conan Doyle.

APPENDIX IV

PRINCIPAL EVENTS RELATING TO FITZGERALD AND HIS WORKS SUBSEQUENT TO HIS DEATH

- 1883. Publication of E. H. Whinfield's Translation of Omar Khayyam. Second Edition. 500 quatrains.
- 1884. Publication of *The Rubaiyat*, with fifty-six drawings by Elihu Vedder.
(August 9.) George Crabbe the third died.
- 1886. (December 14.) Archdeacon Allen died.
- 1887. (May 12.) Dr. William Edward Crowfoot died, aged eighty.
- 1888. Publication of J. L. Garner's Translation of Omar. 142 quatrains.
(January 14.) Hester Purcell FitzGerald (second wife of John FitzGerald) died.

1889. Justin M'Carthy's Prose Translation.
Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald, 3 vols.,
 edited by Mr. Aldis Wright.
 Vol. I. contains Letters.
 Vol. II. Calderon's Six Plays, Attar, Two Generals (L. E. Paullus and Sir Charles Napier).
 Vol. III. Two Plays of Calderon, *Edipus*, *Agamemnon*, *Rubaiyat*, *Salaman and Absal*, *Bredfeld Hall*, *Chronomoros*, *Virgil's Garden*, Translation from Plutarch, Preface to *Polonius*, Introduction to Readings from Crabbe, Lines written by Petrarch in his Virgil.
 (March 19.) Death of Archdeacon Groome.
1893. (January 15.) Fanny Kemble died.
 (May 27.) John Howe, FitzGerald's servant, died.
 (December 27.) Dean Merivale died.
1894. (March 9.) Mrs. W. Kenworthy Browne died.
Letters of Edward FitzGerald, 2 vols., edited by Mr. Aldis Wright.
1895. Publication of *Letters of FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble*, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright.
 Publication of Nathan Haskell Dole's FitzGerald Bibliography.
 (January 18.) Thomas Newson, captain of FitzGerald's yacht, died. His funeral card runs as follows :—
- 'Thomas Newson | Trinity Pilot | of Felixstowe Ferry | Died
 18 Jan. 1895.
- 'To port and hawser's tie no more returning,
 Depart upon thy endless cruise, old sailor.'
1897. Publication of Mr. Le Gallienne's Translation of Omar.
1898. (November 28.) Death of Mrs. Edward FitzGerald at 1 Addiscombe Grove, Croydon, aged ninety.
 Mr. John Payne's Translation. 840 quatrains.
 Mr. E. Heron-Allen publishes facsimile of the Bodleian manuscript, with translation and notes.

1899. Concordance, by Mr. J. R. Tutin.

Mrs. E. B. Cowell died. Mrs. Cowell is buried in Bramford churchyard, where there is a white marble stone to her memory. The following is the inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of
ELIZABETH SUSAN COWELL,
 the beloved wife of
EDWARD BYLES COWELL,
 Professor of Sanskrit in the
 University of Cambridge,
 who died September 29, 1899.

‘ This God is our refuge for ever,
 He will be our Guide even unto death.’

1900. *Miscellanies*, by Edward FitzGerald, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright. Contents :—

Memoir of Bernard Barton.
 Death of Bernard Barton.
 Funeral of Bernard Barton.
Euphranor; Preface to *Polonius*.
 Death of the Rev. George Crabbe.
 Charles Lamb.
 Introduction to Readings in Crabbe.
 On Red Boxes.
 To a Lady Singing.
 On Anne Allen.
 To a Violet.

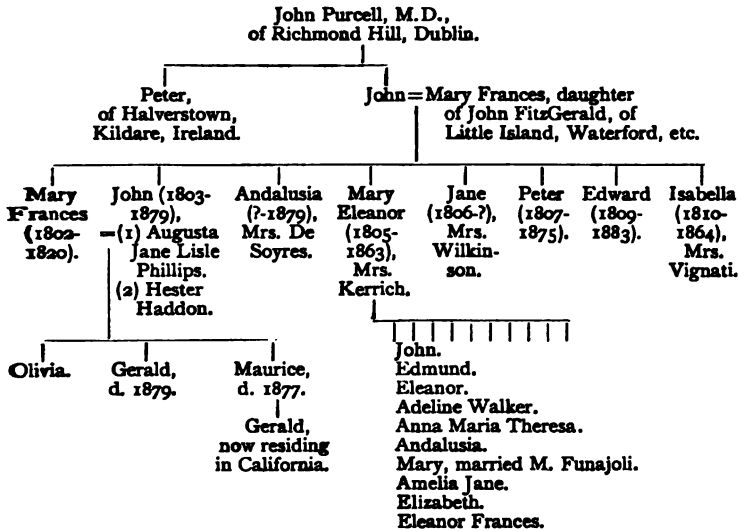
1901. Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald, by Colonel W. F. Prideaux.

1902. (July.) Mr. Frederick Spalding died.

1903. *Édition de Luxe* of the Works of Edward FitzGerald, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright.
 Death of Professor Cowell and Miss Mary Lynn.
 A charming series of Illustrations to FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam appeared in *The Sketch* a few years ago. They were by Gilbert James.

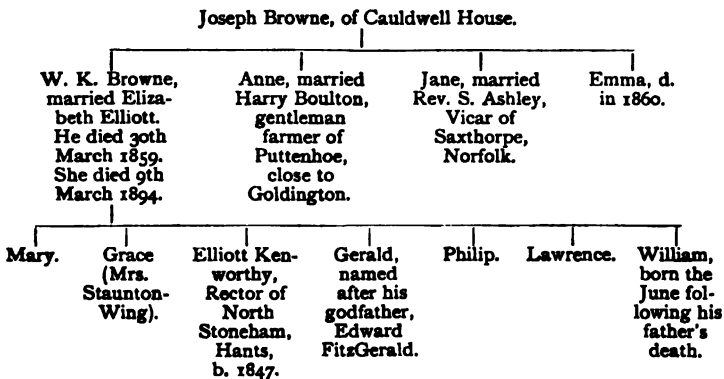
APPENDIX V

THE PURCELL AND FITZGERALD FAMILIES



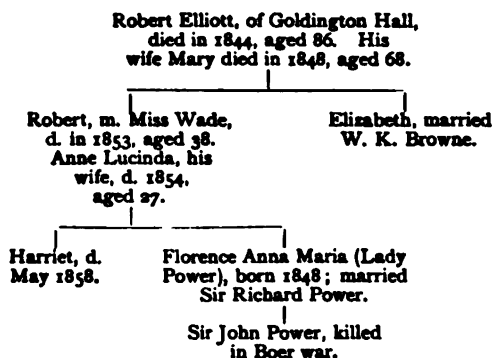
APPENDIX VI

THE BROWNE FAMILY OF BEDFORD



APPENDIX VII

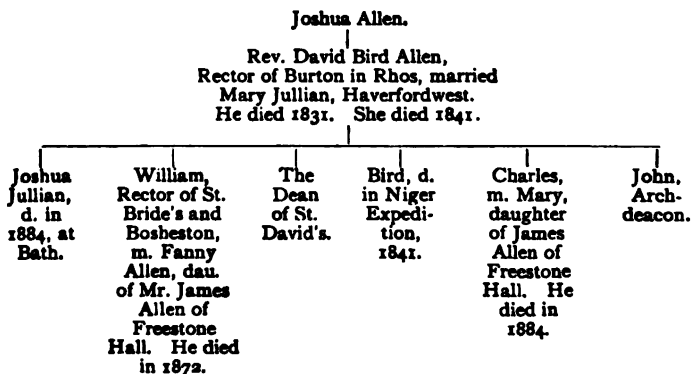
THE ELLIOTT FAMILY OF GOLDINGTON



Note.—Robert Elliott (the second R. E.) lived at Goldington Bury. His daughters became wards of Mr. W. K. Browne. On 23rd September 1858 Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Browne removed to the Bury from Goldington Hall.

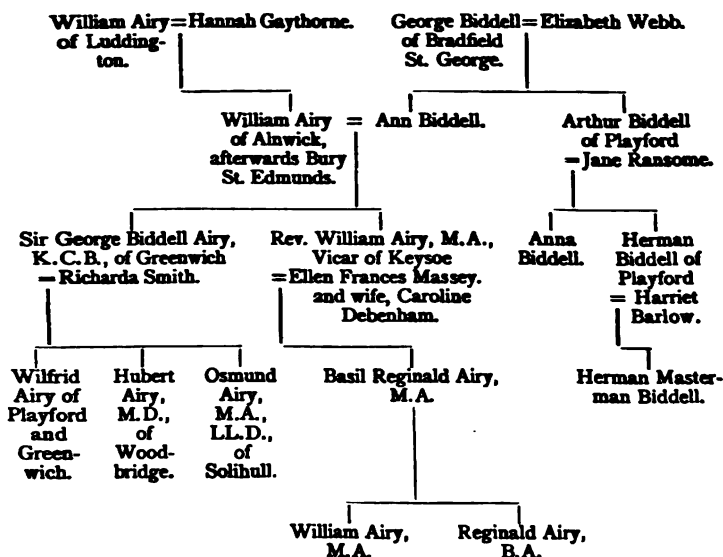
APPENDIX VIII

THE ALLEN FAMILY



APPENDIX IX

THE AIRY AND BIDDELL FAMILIES



APPENDIX X

EXTRACTS FROM GOLDINGTON PARISH REGISTER

WILLIAM KENWORTHY BROWNE, gentleman, son of Joseph Browne, Merchant, and Elizabeth Elliott, daughter of Robert Elliott, gentleman; married 30th July 1844.

Ibid.

Robert Elliott, *æt.* 83, buried 29th February 1844.

[*Note.*—On his tablet in the church he is said to have died 21st February 1844, aged 86.]

Ibid.

Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Elliott, Esq., and Mary, baptized 5th April 1825.

[This was Mrs. W. K. Browne.]

APPENDIX XI

EXTRACTS FROM REGISTER OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF BREDFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK

PURCELL, JOHN, son of John and Mary Frances Purcell (late FitzGerald), born June 29, 1803; publicly baptized July 31, 1803. *WILLIAM KELT, Curate.*

Purcell, Mary Eleanor, daughter of John and Mary Frances Purcell (late FitzGerald), born January 11; baptized February 10, 1805. *WILLIAM KELT, Curate.*

Purcell, Jane Theresa, daughter of John and Mary Frances Purcell (late FitzGerald), born March 1; privately baptized March 30, 1806. *ISA. CLARKE, Curate.*

BAPTISM 1807.

Purcell, Peter Slingsby, son of John Purcell and Mary Frances his wife (late FitzGerald), born August 30; baptized September 20. *ISA. CLARKE, Curate.*

1809.

Purcell, Edward, son of John Purcell and Mary Frances his wife (late FitzGerald), born 31st March; baptized 7th May. *ISA. CLARKE, Curate.*

Purcell, Isabella, daughter of John Purcell and Mary Frances his wife (late FitzGerald), born 1st December 1810; baptized 6th January 1811. *ISA. CLARKE, Curate.*

I, CHARLES ROBERT WOOD, Rector of Bredfield, certify that the foregoing are true copies of entries in Register. Witness my hand this thirty-first day of October 1902.

CHARLES ROBERT WOOD, *Rector of Bredfield.*

APPENDIX XII

COPY OF INSCRIPTION ON WEST FRONT OF
KEYSOE CHURCH

IN Memory of the mighty hand of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of WILLIAM DICKENS, 17 April 1718, when he was pointing the steepol and fell from the rige of the middel window in the spiar over the south-west pinackel. He dropt upon thee batelment and their broack his leg and foot, and drove down 2 long copein stones, and so fell to the ground with his neck upon one standard of his chear when the other end took the ground, which was the nearest of killing him. Yet when he see he was faling crid out to his brother, Lord, Daniel, wots the matter? Lord have mercy upon me, Christ have mercy upon me, Lord Jesus Christ help me. But now almost to the ground. Died November 29, 1759, aged 73 years.

APPENDIX XIJ I

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF THE
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS*Sacred to the Memory of*

THE REVEREND TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, B.A.

For twenty-seven years a Minister of the Gospel,

Twelve of which Curate of this Church.

Born June 26, 1795. Died September 4, 1845.

He was an eminent minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. By his unwearied labours and self-denying love a multitude of believers was 'added to the Church.' Like his Divine Master, he 'went about doing good.' He sought to proclaim to 'every creature' whom he could reach 'the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.' Not only in the Chapel which his affectionate people built, but in

the open streets of Bedford, in numerous villages of this County, and in many other villages and towns of England, he preached salvation to perishing sinners by the Blood of the Lamb. As a Husband and a Father he was inexpressibly dear to his Family by his meek and gentle virtues. These made him 'an example to the believers' amongst whom he ministered. He died from Exhaustion and Sickness brought on by his labours. The last Scripture from which he taught his Church beautifully sets forth his past conflict and his present bliss: 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.' In adoration of that Saviour who made him what he was, and in token of affection to their Beloved Pastor's memory, his flock have raised this tomb.

APPENDIX XIV

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE

ON a white marble tablet with a black edging on the south wall of the chancel of Bredfield Church is the following inscription :—

This Tablet is erected
To the Memory of
THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE
by the Inhabitants of this Parish
as a token of gratitude
for the many benefits
and acts of kindness conferred
upon them during his residence
of 22 years
as Vicar of this Parish.
He departed this life 16th September 1857
aged 72 years,
and is buried in this Churchyard

APPENDIX XV

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD FITZGERALD

- (1) 1831. The Meadows in Spring, *written*.
- (2) 1831. Will Thackeray, *written*.
- (3) 1832. November—Canst thou, my Clora? *written*.
- (4) 1833. Autumn—On Anne Allen, *written*.
- (5) 1833. 'The Old Beau' (appeared in *The Keepsake*).
- (6) 1833. 'The Merchant's Daughter' (appeared in *The Keepsake*).
- (7) 1839. 'Bredfield Hall,' *written*.
- (8) 1841. 'Chronomoros' (appeared in Fulcher's *Poetical Miscellany*).
- (9) 1847. Notes to the *Table-Talk of John Selden*.
- (10) 1849. February 24—The *Ipswich Journal*, Death of Bernard Barton; March 3—The *Ipswich Journal*, Funeral of Bernard Barton.
- (11) 1849. 'Memoir of Bernard Barton,' prefixed to *Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton*.
- (12) 1851. *Euphranor*, 1st edition. Childs, Bungay; London, Wm. Pickering.
- (13) 1852. *Polonius*. Childs, Bungay; London, Wm. Pickering.
- (14) 1853. Six Dramas from Calderon. Childs, Bungay; London, Wm. Pickering.
- (15) 1855. *Euphranor*, 2nd edition. Childs, Bungay; London, J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.
- (16) 1856. *Salaman and Absal*, 1st edition. Childs, Bungay; London, J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.
- (17) 1856. Attar's 'Bird Parliament' adapted.
- (18) 1857. November—Notice of Death of George Crabbe in *Gentleman's Magazine*.
- (19) 1859. Omar Khayyam, 1st edition. Quaritch.
- (20) 1860. The 'F.' contributions to the *East Anglian*—
 April—'Playstalls.'
 " 'Orwell Wands.'
 July—'East Anglian Songs.'
 " 'The Vocabulary of the Sea-Board.'

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(21) 1860. The 'Parathina' contributions to *Notes and Queries* :—

August 18—'Anecdote Biography.'
 " " 'Old English Tunes.'
 " " 'Gonge: The Conge, Yarmouth (and the
 Gong at Lowestoft).
 " " 'Latin, Greek, and Roman Metres.'
 September 22—'Harmonious Blacksmith.'
 December 8—'Bachaumont's Mémoires Secrets.'

1861. January 26—'East Anglian Words.'
 February 9—'France: Past and Present.'
 " 16—'Dryden's Prefaces.'
 May 11—'Whittington and his Cat.'
 " " 'Memoranda.'
 " 25—'Detrus' [Petrus].

(22) 1862. 'Virgil's Garden,' written.

(23) 1862. Omar Khayyam (reprint of 1st edition).

(24) 1865. *Magico and Such Stuff*.

(25) 1865. *Agamemnon*, 1st edition.

(26) 1868. *Two Generals*, written (probably).

(27) 1868. Omar Khayyam, 2nd edition. Quaritch.

(28) 1868-70. The 'E. F. G.' contributions to the *East Anglian* :—

December—'Sea Words and Phrases' (vol. iii.).
 'Sea Words and Phrases' (vol. iv.).
 'Additions to Forby's *Vocabulary of East
 Anglia*' (vol. iv.).
 Errata to above (vol. iv.).
 'A Capful of Sea Slang' (vol. iv.).

(29) 1871. *Salaman and Absal*, 2nd edition.

(30) 1872. Omar Khayyam, 3rd edition. Quaritch.

(31) List of the people in Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*.

(32) 1876. *Agamemnon*, 2nd edition. Quaritch.

(33) 1877 and 1878. The 'Effigy' contributions to the *Ipswich
 Journal* :—

'Limb,' No. 7.

'Rev. John Carter of Bramford,' No. 7.

'Duzzy,' No. 19.

'East Anglian Query' re 'Weybourne Hoope,' No. 21.

'Norfolk Superstition,' No. 22.

- 'Major Moor, David Hume, and the *Royal George*,'
No. 23.
'Suffolk Minstrelsy,' No. 50.
- (34) 1878. 'Notes on Charles Lamb.'
- (35) 1879. *Salaman and Absal*, 3rd edition. Omar Khayyam, 4th edition. Quaritch.
- (36) 1879. 'Readings in Crabbe,' 1st edition.
- (37) 1880. 'Percival Stockdale and Baldock Black Horse,' appeared in *Temple Bar*, January 1880.
- (38) 1880-1. *Œdipus*.
- (39) 1882. April—'Virgil's Garden.'
- (40) 1882. May—*Euphranor*, 3rd edition.
- (41) 1882. 'Readings in Crabbe,' 2nd edition.
- (42) 1882. Notes to Wesley's *Journal*, apparently lost.

APPENDIX XVI

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JOHN FITZGERALD

- (1) 1828 (probably). Plain Advice on Drinking and Drunkenness, by John FitzGerald, Junior. Ipswich, S. H. Cowell. Pp. 18. Blue paper covers.
- (2) 1835. Scriptural Views of our Lord Jesus Christ, by John FitzGerald, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Published at 8s. 12mo. Pp. 690. James Burns, 27 Portman Square.
- (3) *N.D.* First Thoughts on the Soul, in three parts, 1s. 6d. 12mo.
- (4) 1837. The Second Appearing of Christ in this World, 2nd edition. 12mo.
- (5) *N.D.* Familiar Commentary on the Book of Revelation.
- (6) 1842. Symbolic Dictionary to the Book of Revelation, in parts.
- (7) 1844. Account of the Death of Lord Hill, killed while hunting in Bramford Park, March 1844.

- (8) 1846. *The Apostolic Minister's Preparation for Departure. A Funeral Address on the Death of the Rev. T. R. Matthews, by John FitzGerald, M.A.* In slate-coloured paper covers. Price 4s. Pp. 140.
Contents: Funeral Address, pp. 1 to 49. *Appendix I.* On the Authority of the Canons, and how far they bind the Clergy, pp. 51 to 81. *Appendix II.* On the Presumption of attempting to condense the whole scheme of Divine Revelation in a smaller Globe than itself, pp. 82 and 83. *Appendix III.* On Dissent.
- (9) 1847. *Observations on Canonical Obedience, Dissent, etc.* 8vo.
- (10) 1850. *Man-Stealing by Proxy, or the Guilt of our Country men in Upholding Slavery and the Slave-Trade by the Purchase of Slave-grown Produce.* 1850, 2nd edition. Pp. 37.
- (11) *N.D.* *The Duty of Procuring more Rest for the Labouring Classes.* 8vo. Pp. 75.
- (12) 1854. *Christian Slaveholders disobedient to Christ.* Pp. 114.
- (13) 1858. *The Oppressive Labour of Omnibus and Cabmen, etc.* Pp. 16.
- (14) 1865. *The Quiet Worker for Good. A Sketch of the Life of John Charlesworth, Rector of Flowton, by J. 'Purcell' FitzGerald.* 12mo. 1865.
- (15) 1869. *The Sovereign's Position towards a Protestant Established Church.* Pp. 35.
- (16) 1873. *Lay Preaching; a divinely appointed part of Christian Ministry.* 12mo. 1873.
- (17) 1876. *Lines addressed to J. Kirkman, Esq., M.D., upon his retirement from the Governorship of Melton Asylum.*

THE following pages are reproduced from one of FitzGerald's commonplace books which he himself called 'The Museum Book.' They are chiefly interesting as indicating FitzGerald's capability with the pencil. It has not been observed by previous writers that FitzGerald really knew a great deal about art, and was himself no inconsiderable artist. It is true that the figures in The Museum Book are for the most part copied, but the coloured drawing of Dover and some of the smaller sketches are Fitz-Gerald's own work entirely. The author is indebted to the Rev. E. Kenworthy Browne for the loan of the original MS. from which these pages are reproduced.



E. Fitz. Green.
October 15. 1833.

Museum Book
1833

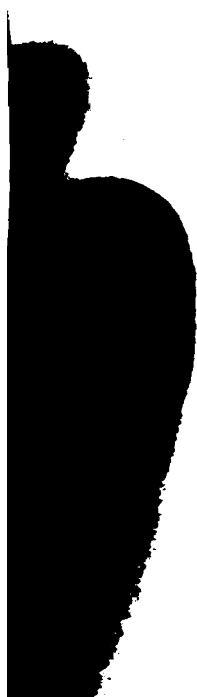




From a MS book by - Willport in
of Brit. Mus.

Good Morn, Valentine,
God bless you ever:
May you in venture shine,
and so persevere,
To get a crown you may
and a protection
Both now & at the Day
of resurrection.
May you have,
To go grave, ~~direct~~
God to ~~protect~~ you,
with angels if you need
for to protect you.

May yr good actions last
than the requited,
with what shall ever last,
with Christ united:
When you shall see him say,
Come all ye blessed,
That reign with me for aye
That were dis helped -
all



And those that for his sake
Peri have regarded
With water from I lake
Shall be rewarded.
I make all my good phrase,
and, free from sorrow
God send you rest & ease,
and see good morrow,
Lc

Roses, their shape & hues being good
Not sojall in their smells alone,
But in their hue.
Maiden Bricks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell. less, yet most quaint,
and sweet true.
Primrose first borne, child of Ver,
May Spring. times' Herbivore,
With her bells divine.
Ox-lips, in their cradles growing,
Many folds, on death bed blowing,
Larkel-heelers try mine.

Doctor Mosset. "Health Improvement" 1746
or Cheyne's Essay on Health.

Falconer

Lyon. This cellinea a guide to Health.

Arbutnots Essay -

Philis, ph. May: Aug: 1799. About 1/2 inches.
- Rents to entire human flesh.

Annual Reg: for 1977. Acct of ~~Adams~~
below at Chester, Mass.

MacKenzie's History of Health.

Life of Pythagoras.

Account of La Trappe.

Whitard's Account of a Savage Man.

Sept: May: Aug: 1787. A Pythony oren.

than of Ross.

Handville's Fath of 8 Bars.

hits our life.

ages - travels thru 7 worlds.

wald.



"Ye see, good fellows & friends,
how glad I am to talke with you, re-
-membering you alwaies, wishing oft
to be amongst you, where is I most
pleasunt lyfe in I world. I shall
not take pleasure at thynges here, if I
did not remember how gladly I shall
talke of you amongst you. He yet is
able to mayntaine his lyfe in bar-
-mye at Cambridge, knoweth not
what a felycitye he hath. I pray
God I may meete with you there,
where I left at St Johns. I doe salute
you all: I name none, because I
would leave out none, and because
I love all. I do make you weare,
and thus fare you well all in I
doide, & praye for mee.

R. A.

Augusto Vindelicorum. 20 Jan: 1551.
Recd of a letter from Dr Ascham to
Mrs Raven.



Vulgar Errors -
Hydrotophia -
Garden of Cyrus -
Observ. on Scripture Plants.
of Coronary Plants.
of Lilies eaten by Christ.
of Hawks & Falcons.
of Lynx.
of Rhipid or Gradual verses
of Language
of Lunatic
of Irons, Lodow &c
of Oracles
a Prophecy.
Museum Clavum.
Letter concerning a Friend's Death.









1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8













Quasi tutti i gentil' uomini Italiani
usavano questo habito cento anni adietro,
qual era di veluto, o di seta conforme
la stagione che correva . . .





*I Commandatori sono fino al numero di 50:
 e hanno diverse cariche. vestano un manto
 lungo fin terra di color turchino, et in
 testa portano una beretta di color rosso.*



Le Donzelle di Norimberga usano portar' i
loro capelli sparsi per le spalle sopra di
quali à torno il capo portano cerchi d'oro
assai ben fatto, con alcune pietre preziose, e
gioie di gran valuta.





*I Popoli di Portogallo ordinariamente usano
portare un cappello grande, e cappa di panno
nero, o mischio, vestano un saio, et braghe
di seta, o di panno conforme le facultà
loro.*





Cittadini Venetiani e Mercanti per
la fiera, si vestivano d'un giubbone
di Veluto, di naso cremesino, tutto
liscio di colore: portavano le calze
rosse, o nere, o pavonazzo, con le
scarpe di veluto -



7.



Try u Molly
Temp. Henry 6.

May, wif, may, it shold not be I wis
let ~~helly~~ ^{have} ~~be~~ the mastery as; manne is.

Molly stode in þe hall faire to behold,
Try shew without þe dore, she is full of care.

Molly & his merry men þe dance to þe song
Try & þat many þe wif & þe wif.

Try lute a ly be, she caught it with þe cold,
þe ^{may} must þe all changed with Try hold.

Molly lute becom as red as any rose
þe footer & hunter kepe þe from þe dore

Try lute becom as thick as any clove,
þere come þe owls & ete him as she go—

Molly lute birds a ful fayre flock,
þe nightingale, þe poppe & gog, & gauntly & leaved.

Good wif. what birds has t you?
þere but þe howlet get under low, low

In forreine of Sir Penning
Go ^{little} bet Penning, so let for you makest little friend
e for.

Penning is a hardy knight,
Penning is quicker of might,
Penning of wrong he makes right,
In every county where he go.

Though I have a man I hewe
and forfeit the king his law,
I shall find a man of law
who take my Penning & let me go.

And if I have to do for or near
a Penning be my messenger,
then I am no thing in danger,
My cause shall be wol dog.

And if I have Penning to the good & true
He will bidden me to I wiser
that I have shall be th^t

Certainly, you will see so.
And when I have no more in my purse
Penning ^{bet} the now Penning worse
of one you hold but little force,
He was a man, let him go.

Dr Cheyne at 70 years of age

"It is now about 16 years since, for the last time, I entered upon a Milk & vegetable diet. At the beginning of this Period, my light food took no my appetite directed, without any measure, & found myself very under it. ~~and~~ After some time I found it became necessary to lessen Quantity, & I have latterly reduced it to one half at most, of what I at first seemed to bear: & if it will please God to spare me a few years longer, in order to preserve in that case that freedom & cheerfulness which by his blessing I now enjoy, I shall probably be obliged find myself obliged to ~~reduce~~ myself one half of my present daily ~~ration~~ ^{allowance} which precisely is - 3 Winchester Pints of new Cow's Milk: & 6 ounces of Biscuit made of fine flour without salt or yeast, & baked in a quick oven -
Ruth of Cure. 290

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